

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 15, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Robert Vicary



COMEDIAN
MORT SAHL





ANSCOCHROME



ANSCOCHROME

FREEZE SUDDEN ACTION in full, natural color? No problem for professional Ozzie Sweet—with Anscochrome Film.

EVEN WHEN THE LIGHT'S NOT RIGHT —ANSCOCHROME IS!



BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ABOVE—reflected sunlight below. Anscochrome responded perfectly to the light—and Hal Berg's skill!

Could you get colors like these in your pictures?

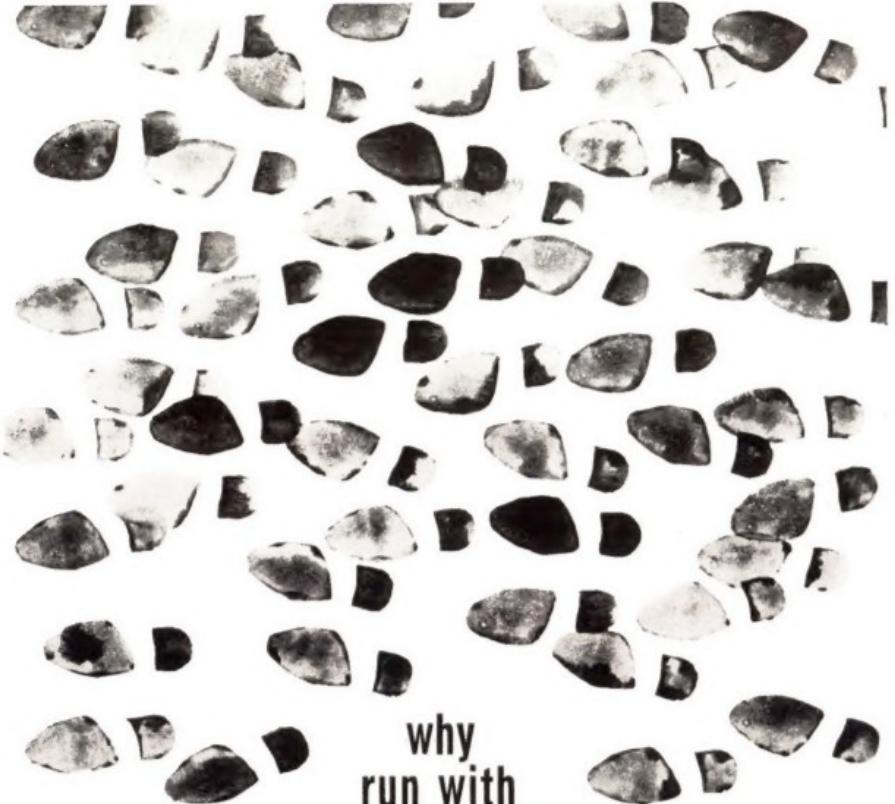
You could—using the same regularly priced film professionals use in their cameras.

That film is *Anscochrome*[®]. It costs no more than competing films. And it comes in all standard roll film sizes.

Even when the light's not right, Anscochrome gives your pictures a full range of natural colors. That's because Anscochrome is made to the exacting *professional standards* of the world's greatest photographers.

This weekend, graduate to Anscochrome. You'll see—you're a better photographer than you think you are! From the makers of new Moviechrome[®]-8 color movie film and All-Weather Pan black-and-white film. *Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.*





why
run with
the pack?
 start your trip
in Holland

GO NON-STOP ON THE KLM ROYAL 8 JET

No crowds hide Holland's charms—canals, castles, sparkling night life, tax-free shopping. The best of Europe in a scenic little package. From Holland, 41 cities, each a KLM hop away. □ And Holland is free on KLM to points beyond! Example—Royal 8 Jet fare New York to Paris, includes Holland, is just \$525.60 round trip Economy Class. Direct jet service Houston to Europe, too. Remember, professionals plan better trips, so see your travel agent or contact your nearest KLM office.

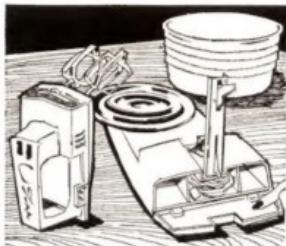
OFFICES IN: ATLANTA, BEVERLY HILLS, BOSTON, BUFFALO, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DALLAS, DENVER, DETROIT, HARTFORD, HOUSTON, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, NEW YORK CITY, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SYRACUSE, WASH., D.C.



THE
WORLD'S
FIRST
AIRLINE

Volume LXXVI
Number 7

"There's a way to do it better...find it"*



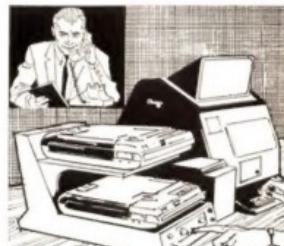
FOUND:
a better way to design a mixer!

Toastmaster Division's new lightweight, super-powered "Portable Plus" hand mixer features quiet power and an exclusive Safety Ejector Lock—prevents beaters being ejected accidentally. This 3-speed mixer is available with a unique Fold Away Stand that stores in a drawer or mounts on wall with mixer. Base holds beaters and detachable cord. Mixer available in 4 colors.



FOUND:
a better way to freshen the air!

Specks of dust, smoke, and pollen add allergy miseries to summer swelters. But the remarkable "Lectrofilter"® inside Albion Division's Thomas A. Edison room air-conditioners electrostatically plucks these irritants from the air: even the ones as tiny as 1/795 the size of an ordinary pencil dot. Result: dust-free rooms . . . **healthful** cool air . . . welcome allergy relief.

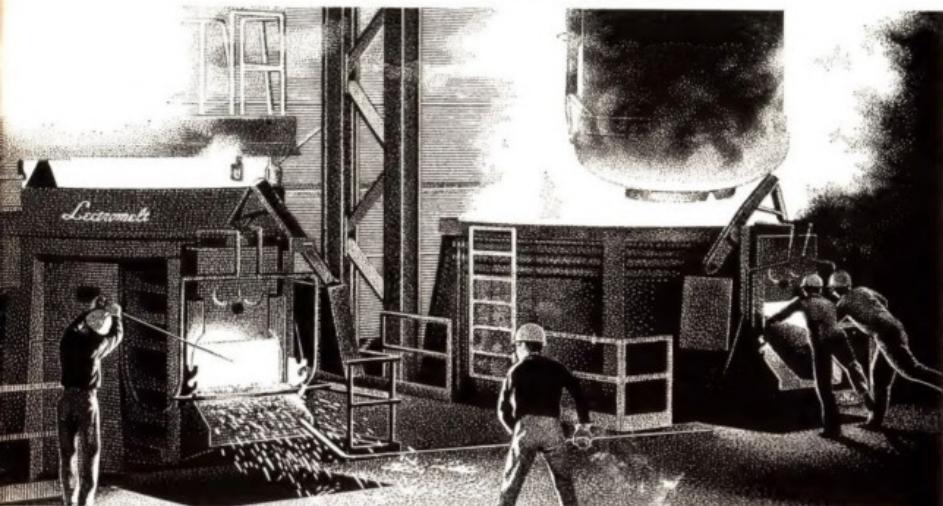


FOUND:
a better way to handle teletype messages!

Speedier handling of teletype messages—24 hours a day—is now possible via Voicewriter Division's new Dual Message Recorder. The sender simply picks up his phone, dials a code number and starts talking. His message, recorded on the operator's Voicewriter®, is transcribed directly to a teletype machine for fast, accurate transmission . . . no delay or inconvenience.

Thomas A Edison

* Words to live by—Edison's motto still characterizes the spirit of American inventiveness. May we send you a free 6" x 9" reproduction? Simply write us on your business letterhead: McGraw-Edison, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Illinois.



FOUND: a better way to keep the heat on . . . in furnaces that make metal a better way!

Electric arc furnaces are tough on transformers. During normal operation, they are subjected to repeated short circuits and heavy power overloads—at the high energy levels needed to liquefy metals and alloys. So Pennsylvania Transformer Division builds transformers that can take the torture and deliver the power, day after day, year after year. Case in point: there has never been a failure in the vital low voltage winding of a Pennsylvania Furnace Transformer in over 25 years!

Metals and alloys must boast near-perfect purity if they are to stand up to the rigors of space-age engineering applications. That's where Lectromelt Division's electric arc furnaces come in. Their precision control of temperature and timing during individual "heats" builds metals of consistent purity . . . in large quantity . . . and at low cost. Another benefit of efficient design: high availability—a Lectromelt furnace is regularly in production 96% of the time!



The "Wizard of Menlo Park" even envisioned prefabricated housing. A 1908 patent describes his conception of a remarkable family dwelling—fashioned of concrete poured into a set of cast iron molds—complete and intact in a single piece from cellar to roof! In 1910, the actual building of several of the homes proved the plan quite workable.

Edison's farsighted imagination is a company heritage today throughout McGraw-Edison's 34 divisions and subsidiaries. And our search is still for the better way . . . for your better living.



In pursuit of the better way:

FOR UTILITIES—Airectic, Line Material, National Electric Coil and Pennsylvania Transformer Products; Aluminum substation structures and prefabrications • Switchgear • Fuse Cutouts and Links • Street and Airport Lighting • Insulators • Lightning Arresters • Fibre Conduit • Distribution and Power Transformers • Capacitors • Power Switching Equipment • Substation Equipment • Regulators • Construction Materials • Reclosers • Coils • Winding Service for Rotating Machines

FOR INDUSTRY—Alpine, Arctic Circle, Buss, Continental, Thomas A. Edison, Imperial, Lectrodryer, Lectromelt, National Electric Coil, Pennsylvania, Toastmaster and Tropic-Aire-Coldmobile Products; Equipment for Aircraft Fire Detection • Arc Furnace, Power and Pipe Welding Transformers • Fuses • Aircraft and Industrial Instruments • Truck-Trailer Refrigeration • Industrial Batteries • Refrigeration • Atmospheric, Industrial Gas Dryers • Miners' Safety Lamps • Melting Furnaces • Voicewriter Dictating Equipment • Medical and Industrial Gases • Commercial Cooking and Laundry Equipment • Load Center Unit Substations • Bus Air Conditioners • Central Air Conditioning Equipment • Electric Motor Windings

FOR THE HOME—Alpine, Arctic Circle, Buss, Continental, Coolerair, Crestline, Edison, Eskimo, Fostoria, Imperial, Manning-Bowman, LM Permaline, Power House, Spartan, Speed Queen, Toastmaster, TravelAire, Tropic-Aire and Zero Products: Fans • Toasters • Steam and Dry Irons • Fry Pans • Waffle Bakers • Percolators • Dryers • Household Fuses • Automatic Washers • Hair Clippers • Juvenile Furniture • Air Conditioners • Evaporative Cooling Equipment • Central Air Conditioning Equipment • Electrostatic Air Filters • Fibre Pipe • Space Heaters • Humidifiers • Dehumidifiers • Vibrators • Power Tools

McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY

Dependable electric products, for utilities, for industry, for the home



LETTERS



For shipping logs



or hogs



or catalogs

The better way is Santa Fe

No matter what you ship call the nearest Santa Fe Traffic Office and let the longest railroad in the U.S.A. go to work for you.



The Candidates

Sir:

In your issue of July 25, it was said that Mr. Kennedy has decided to make frequent television appearances on the theory that he is better-looking than Vice President Nixon.

In this country we are not deciding on a candidate because he is tall or short or has blue or brown eyes. We are considering if he has the leadership qualities this country needs.

MARY M. O'NEILL

Holyoke, Mass.

Sir:

If the platform advocated by the Democratic Party were honestly followed (and it is apparent that this is impossible), we might as well turn our entire paychecks over to the Government and be issued trading stamps to obtain the essentials of life.

ROBERT H. ELLERHORST

Cincinnati

Sir:

In the coming campaign, we are going to hear a great deal about "growth," but I venture to say that neither party will dare to say a word about the greatest single obstacle to growth, namely the opposition of almost all labor unions to increasing production. Federal money for schools, housing, sewage disposal, etc., would be trivial compared with the growth that would be brought about if organized labor took its foot off the brake.

F. D. DYSINGER

Round Pond, Me.

Sir:

Why all this fuss about a Roman Catholic President?

We have had an acting Catholic President for some time—Hagerty.

RALPH P. SYMONS

Paris

¶ But presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty is an Episcopalian.—ED.

Sir:

No matter what soothing talk Kennedy may put forth about religion's not being an issue, do not be fooled. Religion is the issue in this campaign. Instead of being garbed in a brown derby, with a Bowery twang, it comes in a Brooks Brothers suit, clipped accents, and a Peppermint smile that causes old women and bobby-soxers to swoon and mouth inanities.

SARA C. MORGAN

Cincinnati

Sir:

A remarkable man, that Jack Kennedy. He has made age 43 synonymous with youth. S' wonderful.

PAUL DEL NERO, 43

Newport, R.I.

Sir:

To Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy—Céad míle fáilte to the White House.

AGNES R. O'BRIEN

Meriden, Conn.

¶ English rendering of the Gaelic: 100,000 welcomes.—ED.

Sir:

Of course everyone with any sense knows what a terribly pro-Republican rag you are, and so I shouldn't subscribe to you at all. I do, in fact, cancel my subscription regu-

larly, but you have such good writers I can't resist you.

ELLEN BULL

Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

We realize TIME is Democrat and Catholic, but it would seem that TIME should also realize that many of its readers are Republicans, and many Protestants who do not favor Catholicism in the White House.

J. HELEN MORGAN

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Pray tell, what is the weird-looking instrument being played by the member of Stu



Phil Roth

Symington's pep band [*I see em!*]? Something new or just a trombone that barely survived a "demonstration"?

ROD RODRIGUEZ

Los Angeles

Sir:

I noticed that you have included a rather rare and unusual musical instrument. The valve trombone is not widely used, but a bent valve trombone is probably used only at conventions. This instrument has an interesting history inasmuch as no music has ever been written for it, per se, few people play it well, and practically nobody recognizes it. However, it looks glamorous, has a clear, stentorian tone, and, in this case, photographs well.

JASON H. TICKTON

Professor of Music

Wayne State University

Detroit

¶ Los Angeles Labor Relations Counsel Thomas Neblett, no musician, located one of the rare instruments three months ago, mastered it in three weeks, has performed for family, friends, and one political convention.—ED.

Sir:

There seems hardly a doubt that the next Congress, most certainly the Senate, will be Democratic. If the Kennedy-Johnson ticket is elected, Vice President Johnson will continue to lead the Senate as masterfully as effectively as he has done heretofore. America can then look forward to amity and cooperation between the executive and legislative branches of the Government.

If, however, Mr. Nixon were elected President, he would have to deal not only with a "hostile" Senate but the leader of that body would be his just-defeated rival, Senator Johnson. Politics being what it is, the country would be in for a time of constant bickering and legislative inaction if the Republican ticket were elected in November.

JERRY G. BECHHOFER

New York City

Sir:

Can't you just see Senator Jack Kennedy sitting down at the conference table with



GENERAL T.J. JACKSON'S STAND AT BULL RUN, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

BULL RUN

Where Stonewall Jackson earned his name

"There was going to be a short war and it would be romantic and glorious — crowned, of course, with victory. No one, as Lincoln remarked, could see that what was going to happen would be fundamental and astounding."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN
AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY

In our Civil War, the North liked to name battles after streams; the South preferred nearby towns. So the battle of Bull Run (a stream) and First Manassas (a town) are the same. When you visit the battlefield, so beautifully kept by our National Park Service, you'll see the same landmarks on the same terrain North and South fought over on July 21, '61.

The park museum is a good place to begin your tour, and you might start by looking in the library records for the names of your relatives, North or South, who fought in the war.

Bull Run battlefield is a rare combination of scenic beauty and

historic importance. Park historians show you how to follow the battle, beginning with the Union's surprise attack down from Sudley Springs and across Warrenton Turnpike. And on Henry House Hill, you can stand where Confederate General T. J. Jackson stood like a stone wall, broke the Blue charge, and won a battle and a name that blazes in our history. At Cub Run, you'll see where picnickers came to watch the battle, and at Stone Bridge, where one of them—Alfred Ely—was captured—the only U. S. Congressman to become a prisoner of war.

Plan to see Bull Run (or First Manassas) as America begins its

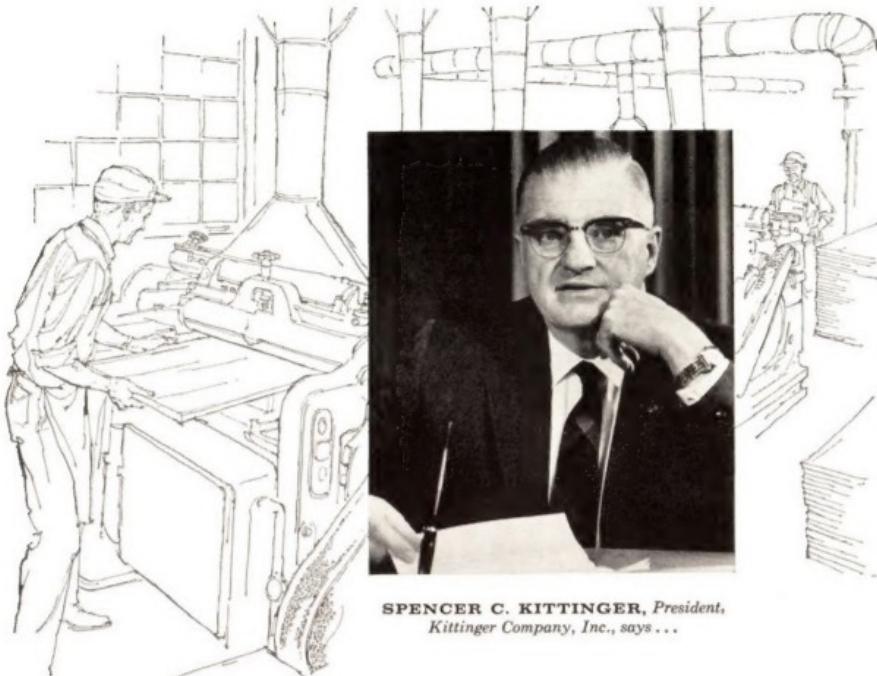
Civil War Centennial. Time has smoothed the scars and the battlefield is beautiful with summer. But here where men fought so hard for their beliefs the evidence is clear that the price of liberty is courage. America is rich in that coinage.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION. Plan now to visit Bull Run or some other historic Civil War battlefield. Let us help plan your trip to include scenic vacation spots. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

Sinclair
A Great Name in Oil



PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF CONGRESS, TO INCREASE AWARENESS OF OUR HISTORICAL HERITAGE — THE MEN AND EVENTS WHICH SHAPED OUR NATION'S GROWTH.



**SPENCER C. KITTINGER, President,
Kittinger Company, Inc., says ...**

**"For 23 years, Blue Cross_® benefits and service
have added up to 'quality protection' for us."**

"Our company works to a single ideal—'quality.' So applying this term to Blue Cross comes quite naturally. Blue Cross, we feel, excels in providing hospital expense benefits. Its help, based on actual care received, has given our people assistance no system of fixed dollars-per-day could equal. And what must be an individualized service, and therefore complex, Blue Cross makes simple. We're saved involvement in paper work and in personal affairs."

THOUGHTFUL management approves Blue Cross protection because of its realistic approach to hospital care. That's because the aim of Blue Cross is to base benefits on the hospital care the employee needs—rather than a fixed number of dollars that often proves inadequate. Costs are low, for with the exception of small administrative expense, all income goes toward benefits for members.

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Whether your company is large or small, you will find that Blue Cross fits in well with all benefit and retirement programs. For specific information, call your local Blue Cross Plan.

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CROSS_®**



Blue Cross Association, Inc., 55 East 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Meiss, Charles de Gaulle, Harold Macmillan and Konrad Adenauer? Why not send "Kookie"? He combs his hair, too.

ELIZABETH D. MCCARTER

Anaheim, Calif.

Sponsor

Sir:

Delighted to read your coverage of the first International Conference on Congenital Malformations in London. I can't understand how you omitted the fact that the conference was launched and supported by the American people through the National Foundation March of Dimes. As a geneticist, I was greatly impressed with the effort on behalf of medical scientific research for the benefit of all mankind.

EDWARD TATUM

Copenhagen

Slings & Arrows

Sir:

To the school board of Manchester, Conn., which kept Charlene Southergill off the honor roll because she got a C in archery, congratulations! Keep up the good work, men, and take heart! Our country has thousands and thousands of engineers, scientists and scholars, but how many skilled archers?

J. A. SCHMIDT

York, Pa.

Sir:

Shame on TIME for apparently siding with this impudent young lady and the misguided youth she represents! Had she displayed her boredom, her apathy, and her apparent lack of the mental ability to comprehend archery instruction in one of my classes, she certainly would have rated a mark different from her C—she would have received an F!

MRS. CHARLES A. HURLEY

Director of Physical Education

Mount St. Agnes College
Baltimore

Sir:

Since its conception, public education in the U.S. has been criticized, analyzed and enriched. This process is a cherished characteristic of an open society. Throughout the years, value has been placed upon "giving one's best" and "doing a good job." The Communists will not be suppressed with bows and arrows, but whether it be at Cape Canaveral in a laboratory or at home before the kitchen sink, giving one's best will help.

R. B. WESTKAEMPER

La Crosse, Wis.

Shrinking Lead

Sir:

TIME, Aug. 1, reports the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* has a "growing circulation lead over the morning *Advertiser*."

George Chaplin took over as *Advertiser* editor in December 1958. At that time *Advertiser* circulation was 46,500 v. the *Star-Bulletin's* 100,000.

In the 19 months since, the *Advertiser's* circulation has reached 66,126, an increase of 41%. The *Star-Bulletin's* circulation was 103,000, a 3% gain. How you fugh?

BUCK BUCHWACH
Managing Editor

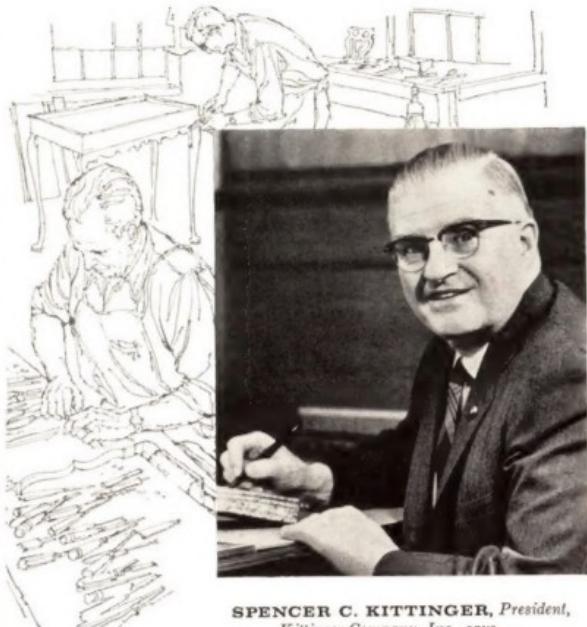
Advertiser
Honolulu

TIME fugguhed wrong.—Ed.

God & Yoga

Sir:

In your ill-mannered article on yoga [July 11], you have made no bones about the fact that you consider, along with Benedictine



SPENCER C. KITTINGER, President,
Kittinger Company, Inc., says . . .

"One reason Blue Shield has worked so well for us—it's sponsored by doctors."

"Our experience with Blue Shield for surgical-medical bills has all been of the best. Everything is prompt and efficient. Benefits in relation to cost are very good. I feel, personally, that Blue Shield's high standards and practical help are direct results of its close working association with the medical profession."

For giving employees freedom from worry about surgical-medical expenses, there's no substitute for Blue Shield. The benefits it offers are broad. Here is help most people need—help with doctor bills covering hundreds of types of operations, many nonsurgical services.

Worthwhile protection—yet surprisingly low in cost. That's because, after necessary reserves and expenses are taken care of, all Blue Shield income goes to

pay members' doctor bills. Let Blue Shield add new value to your benefit program—including retirement plans. Contact your local Blue Shield Plan.

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BLUE SHIELD



National Association of Blue Shield Plans, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois

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Comanche



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Why not join the thousands who have at their command fast, flexible, convenient three-mile-a-minute Comanche transportation?

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No hands! Exclusive Piper AutoControl flies Comanche hour after hour, holds any desired course to exact degree. What other form of personal transportation is so relaxing?

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Widest, roomiest cabin of any plane in its class—ample room for four people. Marvelously quiet. Biggest baggage compartment, too.

180 or 250 HORSEPOWER.

Piper exclusively offers a choice of powerplants—180 horsepower for maximum economy, 161 mph cruising speed; 250 hp for top performance, 181 mph cruise. Both engines are dependable dual-ignition Lycomings. Prices start at \$15,800.

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go hand in hand. Laminar flow wing, jet-type single-piece stabilator and much-copied swept rudder explain Comanche's exceptional efficiency.

SEE THE COMANCHE, and other fine Pipers, at your Piper dealer's, or write for Comanche brochure, Dept. 10-T.

*Category 4 Non-Stop Distance Record,
Cortes-Mexico City, 7,000 miles, 250 hp.
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Minneapolis-Chicago-Des Moines, 8 laps, 6,921 miles.
All records set by Max Conrad.



PIPER
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

ATTRACTIVE LEASE AND FINANCE PLANS.

Déchanel, the Hindu conception of God as the Supreme Self as absurd.

You leave me no choice but to point out that Hindus find the Biblical concept of God as a vengeful, pecking, bumbling fellow who botched his job so badly that he created man imperfect, then cursed the whole race of man for the same imperfection, and could find no better way out of the dilemma than to allow his "son" to die a tortured death even more absurd.

Such a picture of God is suitable only for the grimmer kind of fairy tales and not for adults with freedom to think and read. Anyway, even without the proofs of science, one has to reject the idea of a God who looks like man and acts like a poor specimen of the race out of hand.

Déchanel should realize that the practice of yoga is Hindu through and through, and that a true yogi cannot be a Christian just as a true Benedictine cannot be a Hindu.

A. L. AMBIKA BAI
Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

Sir:

As a teacher of yoga for the past 21 years, I was greatly pleased to learn that a Benedictine monk has written a book on the merits of yoga, which has so often been mistaken for a religion, especially by Catholics and hence rejected by them.

Yoga originated in India thousands of years ago, and it clearly states that its practice can be successfully taken up by a Hindu, Buddhist, Christian, Hebrew, et al., as well as by an atheist.

INDRA DEVI

Hollywood

Hands Across the Seas

Sir:

May we tell you how much we appreciate the articles and comments published in your newsmagazine on world affairs. Confined as we are to a small island in a forgotten sea, we can only rely on the radio to be kept aware of what is going on in the outside world. Taking this into consideration, you will easily realize the interest we take in the reading of TIME.

ANDRÉ MASSON

Port-Louis, Mauritius

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Human nature is originally
good. Any evil in it results
from the changes made
upon it by external things.
(W. Wong, 1139-1172)

Of man's first disobedience,
and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree,
whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world
and all our woe.

(John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, l. 1467)



REYNOLDS

armor a building...



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Building Products
Reynolds Wrap

REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY, REYNOLDS INTERNATIONAL, INC., AND THEIR U.K. AFFILIATES THE BRITISH ALUMINUM CO. LTD. AND REYNOLDS T. I. ALUMINUM LTD. OPERATE:

Bauxite or Fluorspar Mines in Britain, Guiana, France, Ghana, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, and the United States.

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Fabricating Plants in Australia, Canada, Colombia, Costa Rica, West Germany, India, Mexico, Philippines, the United Kingdom, the United States, and Venezuela.

Sales Offices and Sales Agents throughout the world.

Watch Reynolds TV shows "Bourbon Street Beat" and "Adventures in Paradise", and, returning in October, "All-Star Golf"—ABC-TV.



There's a new kind of architecture shouldering aside old ideas on today's skyline. It uses Reynolds Aluminum—many of them—to armor buildings against the ravages of time and weather. You see Reynolds Aluminum curtain walls, mullions, trim, windows and other components in a growing number of important buildings, including New York's newest

skyscraper, shown above: the First National City Bank building. The Reynolds Aluminums—strong, lightweight, and rustfree—give lasting beauty, reduce construction costs, provide more usable floor space, keep maintenance costs to a minimum. These same sense-making advantages of Reynolds Aluminums are revolutionizing residential building, too.

ALUMINUMS*

armor a vehicle...armor a breakfast



Reynolds Aluminum armor plate gives comparable ballistic protection with less weight than steel armor. Concentration on airborne equipment—light-weight, low-maintenance equipment—puts many Reynolds Aluminums to hundreds of new military uses. M 113 armored personnel carrier, shown above, wears military olive drab colors in active service.



The bright, shining armor of aluminum foil protects breakfast cereals and hundreds of other foods—from soup to nuts—against the effects of harmful moisture and air and light. Reynolds Metals Company is the world leader in development of better packaging with aluminums—modern packaging that makes many modern food marvels possible.

WHY REYNOLDS ALUMINUM?

In the skilled hands of Reynolds, aluminum becomes a material of boundless versatility—many metals, offering a complex of physical properties and forms for a variety of functions—"the singular metal that is very plural indeed."

Each Reynolds Aluminum is designed to serve its purpose better than any other metal. And Reynolds implements this advantage with invaluable customer services: Styling and design services, engineering and technical services, merchandising and sales services.

The record sparkles with successes.

Example: Reynolds Wrap, a product of Reynolds Metals Company, is America's original household aluminum foil—out-sells all other brands combined.

Example: America's first mass-produced aluminum automobile engine block is exclusively Reynolds Aluminum. An example of leadership in a product produced by a Reynolds customer.

Example: More products by far are packaged in Reynolds Aluminum foil than in any other aluminum foil, for both sales appeal and protection. An example of leadership in packaging research and development.

Example: More new aluminum applications for homes, farms, commercial and industrial buildings have been developed by Reynolds than by any other company. An example of leadership in building and architectural products.

Example: The use of this versatile metal in 1,200 new railroad cars is a major break-through—exclusively Reynolds Aluminum. Another example of the confidence industry upon industry places in Reynolds.

Why Reynolds Aluminums? Because there is a difference in aluminum. Your Reynolds Aluminum Specialists can help you put this difference to work to *improve your products and reduce your costs*. Call on their help today by contacting your nearest Reynolds office. *Reynolds Metals Company, Richmond 18, Virginia.*



Reynolds Aluminum: the singular metal that is very plural indeed

A headline performer... in his own backyard!

Who isn't! Each of us in his own way is a headliner to his own family. Each of us is unique. Every family is different. Because of this difference, life insurance should be fitted individually to the aims and needs of each family, *yours included.*

A Connecticut Mutual Life man is a headliner specializing in individual life insurance service. He helps you select the right combination of policies and settlement options from the hundreds CML offers. This way you get the most for your life insurance dollars.

Why don't you headliners get together? Talk to your nearby CML man. Ask him, "How much and what kind of life insurance should I own?" He'll help you find the right answer.

In business 114 years

Owned by its policyholders, CML provides high quality life insurance at low cost and personal service in more than 300 offices throughout the country.

Connecticut Mutual Life

INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD



How Western Electric Helps to Keep Down the Cost of Telephone Service

There are great benefits for telephone users in the fact that the Bell System has its own manufacturing and supply unit

The Western Electric Company is an integral part of the Bell System—an essential member of the Bell System team serving you.

You get some idea of Western Electric's job when you consider this amazing requirement: Western must be ready at all times to produce and deliver to the Bell telephone companies 200,000 different kinds of apparatus and parts for telephone equipment.

The quantity of these items varies over an astonishing range in any year—from one to many millions!

Western Electric's specialized skills and experience are big assets, of course, in doing the best and most dependable job at the lowest cost. But they would be far less effective, and might not have been developed at all, if Western Electric were not a part of the Bell System.

In no other way could it work so closely with the research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the needs of the Bell operating companies. The common goal is the betterment of telephone service.

Without Western Electric economies, the price of your telephone service would surely be more and the quality less.

For the savings that Western Electric Company has achieved in manufacturing have played an im-



WESTERN ELECTRIC is the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. More than 47,000 of its 129,000 employees have been with the company for over ten years. 13,000 for more than twenty-five years. Their experience is one of the company's greatest assets.

portant part in offsetting some of the increases in other costs of providing service. Many of these increases have been due to inflation and are beyond our control.

Helpful in Defense

Because of the capabilities that Western Electric has developed to do its telephone job, the U. S. Government has called upon it for a number of military projects.

We are proud of this recognition of the Bell System, and look upon

these projects as a contribution to a great national effort. Serving the public is our job. But serving the nation is our duty. One grows out of the other.

The value of the close integration of Bell System research, manufacture, operation and supply has been proved by many years of successful operation.

No other way would work out nearly so well or so economically for both the public and the country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Back to Work

Prepared to do their partisan best, Senators returned to Washington in August. It was the first post-convention session since 1948, when Harry Truman called back the 80th Congress and denounced it as "do-nothing." This time it was Congress returning of its own (or its leaders') volition because it had not done its work before the Republican and Democratic conventions.

There would probably be "more politics played" than ever before in congressional history, said New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, ranking Republican in the Senate, who as ever was prepared to do his part.

At the First Bang. It was bound to be spectacular, with three out of four members of the ticket in action: Richard M. Nixon presiding over the Senate, John F. Kennedy conspicuous on the Senate floor, aided and abetted by Lyndon B. Johnson in his post as majority leader. Only Henry Cabot Lodge was missing—and he was highly visible over at U.N.

The unfinished business included unpassed appropriations for mutual security and public works. But that was not the stuff to interest the galleries. The Democrats, with their majorities in the Senate and in the House (which reassembles a week later), planned to introduce their platform welfare promises one by one. If the President vetoed the bills, the Democrats would cry that Republicans placed more emphasis on budget balancing than on public needs. As a kind of sideshow to this main act, two Northern Republicans vowed to submit the Democratic civil-rights plank as a bill, hoping to watch Southern Democrats squirm.

Republicans were not going to let the Democrats have all the initiative. The President, between his vacation rounds at Newport, prepared a message to be read at the first gavel bang, before Democrats had a chance to do their own politicking. "There is much important work still pending that cannot await the selection and assembly of a new Congress and a new Administration," said Ike. Of 27 measures that he had requested before Congress adjourned for the conventions, he pointed out, only six had been acted upon. He called for an aid-to-education bill, medical aid for the aged, "constructive" farm measures, an increase in the minimum wage. And he added a warning that he would veto bills with unreasonably high

price tags: "I shall not be a party to reckless spending schemes . . . I shall not fail to resist inflationary pressures by whatever means are available to me."

To Feed the Hungry. Aware that both Nixon and Kennedy were suggesting that the U.S. should do more about defense, the President noted "changing Communist tactics and attitudes," announced that he had ordered the armed forces to take



Associated Press

EISENHOWER AT STRATEGY SESSION WITH LODGE & NIXON IN NEWPORT

"I shall not be a party to reckless spending."

"certain practical measures" to increase their readiness, called for five new Polaris submarines (instead of three), added that it might be necessary to call for more defense appropriations later on.

Urging congressional support, Ike unwrapped two bold new programs of his own to "promote" free world stability. Both sound ideas, they had an unfortunate late-in-the-day, late-in-the-Administration sound about them. At the inter-American economic conference in Bogota, Colombia next month, Eisenhower said the U.S. would put forward a new \$600 million loan program for Latin America. And to the U.N. General Assembly, he went, on the U.S. would soon present a new food-for-peace plan for using the agricultural abundance of the U.S. to "feed the hungry of the world," letting the U.N. instead of the U.S. distribute it.

REPUBLICANS

Westward Ho!

Richard Nixon was already off and running. Having vowed to campaign in all of the 50 states, he started with the farthest first. After a strategy meeting in Newport, R.I., with vacationing President Eisenhower and Running Mate Henry Cabot Lodge early in the week, Nixon and wife

Pat headed west. At a Reno airport welcome, Nixon drew cheers from the crowd by pointing out that Pat, born in nearby Ely, Nev., was wearing a pin that boasted "I'm from Nevada" (someone had slipped it to her two minutes before). Campaigning smoothly herself, Pat got photographed kissing an Indian papoose.

Leis & Poi. Next came Nixon's own home territory, Los Angeles. Welcomed at the airport by 5,000 cheering people and one baby elephant, Nixon led a motorcade to his alma mater, Quaker-run Whittier College, found the football field jammed with 15,000 greeters. Next morning, on a chartered prop plane (to save the G.O.P. National Committee \$1,000 more than a jet charter would have cost), Dick and Pat hurried on to Hawaii, spent two days there island hopping. Nixon campaigned as if he expected Hawaii's three



DICK & PAT NIXON AT LUAU
Sticky fingers and a new smile.

electoral votes to decide the outcome in November. He was also testing his style and some of his "impact lines" for future use. Inevitably, he was draped with leis, let himself be kissed by Hawaiian maidens, showed up at a *luau*, wearing a just-purchased electric-yellow sports shirt, ate gluey poi with his fingers in the native manner.

As always, his staff had primed Nixon with bits of local knowledge to toss off at opportune moments. Landing on the island of Kauai in a rain squall, he smilingly observed that Kauai legend holds rain to be a good omen. At Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, he mentioned not only the tidal wave that devastated Hilo last May but also the big wave that hit the city back in 1946. On Maui, he tried his tongue on some flattering words in Hawaiian: "*Maui no ka oi!*"—roughly, "Maui is the best of all the islands." It all went over very well.

Republicrat or Democrat? Reporters who made the long plane trip with him cabled home informed stories about what kind of campaign strategy Nixon intended to follow. The basic decision was to try to erase the public's old image of a highly partisan Richard Nixon and substitute a new statesmanlike image to appeal to independents. On the trip, Nixon repeated again and again that he intended to "avoid personalities" during the campaign and "leave the low road to him"—meaning Jack Kennedy, though sometimes, when he accused Kennedy of buying the labor vote, it took a sensitive altimeter to know when the road was low or high. He quickly resumed a high. "The thing I hope you will do," he told a crowd in Hawaii, "is not vote for a party but study the issues and what I say about them and what my opponent says about them, and then make up your mind on the basis of what is best for the country."

So far did Nixon lean into nonpartisanship that the Republican New York *Herald*

Tribune headlined: NIXON: REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT? Such a style may not sit well with G.O.P. regulars. Nixon conceded, but he is convinced that since the G.O.P. is the minority party, according to party registration, he must gather in a heavy majority of the independent vote if he is to win in November.

THE CAMPAIGN

Battle over Benson

Whatever else they may differ about, Vice President Richard Nixon and Senator Jack Kennedy agree that U.S. farmers have big crop problems—and a big crop of votes. So far, neither candidate has offered any convincing solution for farmers' problems, but both have eagerly set about trying to harvest the votes.

Vividly aware that many angry Mid-

western farmers blame Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson for the 30% shrinkage in farm income during the past eight years, Richard Nixon is bent on plowing Benson under. Nixon got an assist from Benson himself, who before the Republican Convention announced his preference for Rockefeller. Fortnight ago Nixon declared that it was "essential" to break away from Benson's policies, called for "a massive program which is not concerned with budgetary costs year by year."

But the harder Nixon tries to unload Benson, the more the Democrats are determined to keep the Benson burden on Nixon's back. In a speech at Monticello, Iowa last week, Lyndon Johnson reminded his audience that Nixon once called Benson "one of the best Secretaries of Agriculture in our history." Benson's "chief helpers" in aggravating the farm problem, Johnson insisted, were President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon.

At Candidate Kennedy's Hyannisport headquarters, eight Democratic Midwestern Governors and Senators, calling on their leader, dredged up a Benson statement saying that Nixon "had participated in the development" of the Administration's farm program. This moved Kennedy to declare that Nixon's "betrayal of the Benson farm program which he helped to write accurately pinpointed Mr. Nixon's lack of basic beliefs." And Election Day was still twelve weeks away.

DEMOCRATS

Vital Statistic?

Whether Senator Jack F. Kennedy's religion helps or hurts him politically, news of it is at least getting around. Back in May 1959, reported the Gallup poll last week, only 47% of the public knew that Kennedy is a Roman Catholic; now 84% know it.

Parade to Cape Cod

To the other residents of Hyannisport, who pursue their leisure and privacy on summer-crowded Cape Cod, the invasion was a horror—gawkers trampling flower beds, teen-agers screeching, out-of-town automobiles cluttering the streets. People begged the town selectmen to set up barricades against the incoming swarms.

John F. Kennedy was beginning his campaign slowly, with his own Cape Cod estate version of Warren Harding's front-porch campaign of 1920. If he found the process relaxing, practically no one else did, but except for a brisk, one-day foray into Manhattan to patch a rift among local Democratic leaders, Jack Kennedy spent the entire sunny week by the sea, receiving a steady parade of Democrats from all over the country.

Adlai Stevenson dropped in to chat, urged all Stevensoniens to give Jack the "same vigorous support" that they had given him. Chester Bowles came by too. Those who tried to measure by the warmth of Kennedy's camera smiles whether Stevenson or Bowles was the Senator's preference for Secretary of State concluded from such flimsy evi-



Herblock © 1960 The Washington Post Co.
"I HAVEN T GOT THE OTHER DETAILS
WORKED OUT YET."

dence that Bowles was more in favor. Iowa's Governor Herschel Loveless huddled with Kennedy about farm matters, showed no sign that he was sore at Kennedy for dangling the vice-presidential nomination in front of him at Los Angeles and then snatching it away. Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams herded into Kennedy's presence a 55-member delegation representing various minority groups, including the American Indians, Jews, Syrians, Lebanese, Ukrainians, Croatians, Bulgarians, Portuguese, Romanians, Finns, Hungarians, Italians, French, Lithuanians, Poles, Greeks, Russians, Chinese, Belgians. They listened approvingly as Kennedy promised that no administration of his would ever recognize as permanent the Russians' rule of nations now captive behind the Iron Curtain. Kennedy disapproved of "liberation" promises, but said: "We look forward to the day when captive nations will stand again in freedom and justice."

Along with politicians and minority-group representatives, labor leaders and egheads paraded into Hyannisport. The

depletion allowance, widest and most famous of tax loopholes, costs the U.S. Treasury on the order of \$1 billion a year, and much of that sum stays in Texas. Accordingly, Texas' own Senator Lyndon B. Johnson had to do some talk explaining about the Democratic campaign platform when Texas newsmen cornered him last week. One plank in the platform promises to "close the loopholes in the tax laws," and includes depletion allowances "among the more conspicuous loopholes."

With the ears of Texas upon him, L.B.J. soothingly assured his hearers that the platform must be talking about other depletion allowances. "The platform pertains only to loopholes," said Johnson, "and I see none in oil."

SEQUELS

The Mourning After

As the last hurrahs of the 1960 Democratic and Republican Conventions faded into the subcellars of memory, not only the public but politicos of both parties were having some strong second thoughts

POLITICAL NOTES Southern Comfort for Democrats

Rarely, in a time of me-too politics and an overcrowded middle of the road, are voters in any state offered a clear-cut choice between opposite paths. In Tennessee's Democratic primary last week, the voters had all the choice anyone could want. Battling for a third Senate term, Estes Kefauver stood squarely by his liberal record. His opponent, Circuit Judge Andrew Taylor, was outspokenly critical of everything that Kefauver was for—foreign aid, free trade, federal welfare programs and, above all, civil rights laws.

Admission of Guilt. With his ear-to-ear grin and coonskin cap routine, Estes Kefauver has often been dismissed by pundits as an excessively folksy lightweight. But in his battle against "Tip" Taylor, the Keef showed bracing political courage. When Taylor called him a traitor to the South for voting for the 1957 and 1960 civil rights bills, Kefauver defended the bills on the steps of every courthouse where he could draw a crowd. "I shall



KENNEDY WITH REUTHER



WITH LOVELESS



WITH BOWLES



WITH STEVENSON

United Auto Workers' President Walter Reuther swallowed all his past unpleasant remarks about Lyndon Johnson, pointedly said out loud that L.B.J. would make an "excellent" Vice President. A delegation of Kennedy's professional brain-trusters, including Harvard's Economist John Kenneth Galbraith (*The Affluent Society*) and Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Economist Paul Samuelson, took a spin out to sea with Jack aboard the family yacht *Marlin*. Kennedy's egghead advisers have learned, somewhat ruefully, that he shops among their suggestions with a cold, practical eye, rejecting more than he buys. ("The professors give us old clichés instead of new ideas," complains a Kennedy aide). But Jack likes to have them around anyway to add prestige, a tone of earnestness, and appeal to liberal voters.

The Ears of Texas

Tax reformers are about as popular in Texas as temperance preachers at a liquor dealers' convention. The trouble with tax reformers, as Texans see it: they often point accusing fingers at the hefty 27½% tax deduction that the Federal Government grants to oil and gas producers as a "depletion allowance." The oil and gas

about the Los Angeles and Chicago extravaganzas. Among the critics:

Paul Butler, outgoing Democratic national chairman, in charge of the Los Angeles show: "Some people were upset about the lack of decorum on the convention floors. We Americans are not very well behaved in large groups."

Republican Keynoter Walter Judd: "We ought to dispense with the idea of having people in the galleries. Instead, we should put everyone except the delegates outside and let them watch through television. I wouldn't even let the press and television men wander up the aisles to interview everybody right in the middle of the proceedings. With all these people in there, the whole thing has just gotten too cumbersome."

Florida's Governor Leroy Collins, who chaired the Democratic Convention: "Participation by the public in demonstrations should be eliminated entirely. Any candidate, whether he has any strength or not, can in a professional way make a demonstration that sounds as if the whole room is full of people who are for him. It has become just spectacle and a show that degrades the process of choosing a candidate. The circus atmosphere should be eliminated."

continue to favor the expansion of the right to vote," he said in Memphis, Tennessee's most strongly segregationist city, "until every qualified citizen, regardless of race, creed or color, is able to exercise his franchise." When his enemies circulated a photograph of him shaking hands with a Negro, he cheerfully said: "I plead guilty to shaking hands with Negroes."

Even many of Kefauver's supporters expected Taylor to beat him, in the stirred-up atmosphere of sit-ins and Negro demands for more equality. Only a few days before the primary, the Scripps-Howard Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, pro-Taylor, made a survey, predicted Taylor would win. The prediction was wildly wrong: on primary day, Kefauver buried Taylor in a 2-to-1 landslide.

Denial of Backwardness. As expected, Negroes turned out in force for Kefauver. For the first time since Reconstruction, large numbers of Negroes lined up to vote in Fayette County (TIME, Aug. 8). "All I know is," said one rural Negro, looking for the place to deposit his ballot, "I want Mr. Kefauver's box." Kefauver did not need Negro support to win. He got an overwhelming majority of white votes, collecting them from prosperous suburbs of Memphis and Nashville, as well as from



KEFAUVER & WIFE
By 2 to 1.

poor rural hamlets and the east Tennessee hills, where Republicans crossed over to vote for him. Editorialized the Nashville *Tennessean*: "Once again, Tennesseans have proved that the majority accepts the moderate approach to vexing racial problems which confront not only the South, but the nation."

Democrats in Washington happily interpreted Kefauver's lopsided victory as a sign that the strong Democratic platform plank on civil rights was not going to hurt them seriously, at least in the middle states. Added a pleased and triumphant Estes Kefauver: "It is clear that the detractors of the South, who tried to say we are a backward people, have been proven wrong."

Handicaps Overcome

After a record twelve years as Governor—six two-year terms—Michigan's greenbow-tied G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams had enough, and felt that voters might feel the same way. Last week Michigan's voters, in primary elections, chose a Republican and Democratic candidate for Soapy's well-warmed chair.

Democrats nominated a protégé of Soapy's who was not the betting favorite. Lieutenant Governor John Burley Swainson, a boyish-looking 35, lost both legs below the knees on an Army night patrol in France during World War II when a land mine blew up under him. The victory of another legless veteran, Republican Charles Potter, who got elected to the U.S. Senate from Michigan in 1952, encouraged Swainson to enter politics despite his handicap. He beat out favored Secretary of State James Hare by a decisive 70,000 votes.

The G.O.P. gubernatorial primary was uncontested: Michigan's often split Republicans united behind a single candidate, articulate Michigan State University Professor Paul Bagwell, 46. Overcoming a

severe attack of paralytic polio, Bagwell became, at 20, Michigan State's youngest professor and, simultaneously, its youngest department head (speech, radio and dramatics). He ran for Governor against Soapy Williams in 1958 and, though it was a Democratic year almost everywhere else, polled a surprisingly strong 1,073,000 votes to Williams' 1,212,000. His showing helped convince Soapy that six terms was enough.

Health seemed to be a big issue in last week's primary. In the Senate race, labor-backed Democratic Incumbent Pat McNamara, 65, kept busy denying that his recent prostate operation was for cancer. The Republican who was nominated to run against him is also no stranger to physical infirmity: Congressman Alvin Bentley, 41, a multimillionaire by inheritance and an early backer of the late Senator Joe McCarthy, was almost killed on the floor of the House in March 1954 when



SWAINSON & WIFE
Out from under.

three armed Puerto Rican nationalists in the gallery began spraying the House floor with bullets. The most seriously wounded of five Congressmen was Bentley: a bullet pierced his liver and stomach and a lung. Minnesota's Congressman Walter Judd, M.D., (who fortnight ago keynoted the 1960 Republican Convention), administered first aid to Bentley, probably saved his life. Eight weeks after the shooting, Bentley returned to a standing ovation from his House colleagues.

INTELLIGENCE

Security Risks

Even more than the CIA, the National Security Agency prides itself on its secrecy and its security. Headquartered behind an electrified triple barbed-wire fence at Fort Meade, Md., NSA is the agency that formulates U.S. codes and tries to crack enemy codes. Behind the barbed-wire curtain last week hummed an unaccustomed tumult of alarm: two NSA employees had disappeared.

Bernon F. Mitchell, 31, and William H.

Martin, 29, both mathematicians doing statistical code analysis at NSA, went off June 24 on vacation together as usual. Ever since they first met as naval communications technicians in Japan in 1953, they had been close companions. Last Christmas they went to Cuba together.

Thinking back on their past behavior, NSA conceded that it was a bit odd. Martin, son of an Ellensburg, Wash., accountant, made a hobby of hypnotizing people. Mitchell, son of a Eureka, Calif., lawyer, was under psychiatric treatment.

When they left Washington together, Mitchell and Martin told their boss that they were off to the West Coast to visit their parents. Instead, they went to Mexico City, checked in at a cheap hotel, told the clerk that they would be staying about two weeks. Next morning they abruptly checked out, later boarded a plane for Havana. Last week the Defense Department grumpily announced that from Cuba the pair had apparently "gone behind the Iron Curtain," and added, as reassuringly as it could, that the two men did not know any important secrets.

SPACE

The Rocket Dreamer

It is difficult to say what is impossible, for the dream of yesterday is the hope of today and the reality of tomorrow.

—Robert H. Goddard

"Why do you ask us about rockets?" said a captured German V-2 scientist to a U.S. interrogator in 1945. "Ask your own Robert Goddard. We learned about rockets from him."

Robert Goddard was a space prophet



GODDARD & FIRST ROCKET (1936)
He heralded an age.



X-15 RESEARCH PLANE IN FLIGHT

Nine miles up and away it went.

without honor in his own country. Back in 1926, an obscure professor of physics at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., he heralded the coming space age by sending an ungainly rocket aloft from a snow-covered field at his aunt's farm in Auburn. At the request of alarmed residents, the Auburn police asked him to get out of town. His neighbors in Worcester considered him a crackpot, with his talk of rockets to the moon. They called him "Moony," were relieved to be rid of him when he went West to New Mexico in search of health and more open space for rocketeering.

With financial help from the Guggenheim Foundation, Goddard continued his experiments at Roswell, N. Mex. In 1933 one of his rockets, affectionately dubbed Nell, climbed to 7,500 feet and flew faster than sound. In such experiments over the years, Goddard developed the basics of later rocket technology—gyroscopic stabilizers, fuel pumps, self-cooling motors, landing devices. When diagrams of the Germans' V-2 reached the U.S. in 1944, some scientists observed that the internal structure strikingly paralleled Goddard's old Nell.

Goddard died in 1945 on the eve of the first U.S. test firings of captured V-2s, leaving behind 22 volumes of meticulous records that proved to be of immense value to U.S. rocketmen. Six years later, as equal beneficiaries of his estate, Goddard's widow and the Guggenheim Foundation sued the U.S. Government for patent infringements. Last week, in belated recognition of Goddard's genius, the U.S. agreed to a settlement of \$1,000,000. It was the largest patent-infringement award ever made by the U.S. Government.

AVIATION

"Go! Go!"

In the cold, rarefied upper atmosphere nine miles above California's Mojave Desert, the B-52 mother ship let go of the stub-winged X-15 research plane and swung away. In his cramped cockpit, graying Test Pilot Joseph Walker, 38, flicked a series of switches, and the black needle-nosed X-15's eight rocket chambers roared into fiery life. On a high-altitude research mission for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Walker was not

supposed to be trying for a speed record. But he pushed his plane as fast as skill could push it, "Go! Go!" he growled.

Go it did. When Walker bumped to a 200-m.p.h. landing on the sun-hardened mud of California's Rogers Dry Lake ten minutes later, a check of his instruments showed that at his peak speed, just as his last ounce of fuel burned away, he had hit better than 2,150 m.p.h., faster than any man in history had ever flown before.

He Wanted Wings

For one unsettling second U.S. Navy Lieut. John B. Barnes thought that the laws of aerodynamics had suddenly been repealed. There he was, climbing away from the runway at Italy's Capodichino Airport, and on each side of him the wing of his flashy new F8U Crusader jet was turned upright 61 feet from the tips—as if parked on a cramped carrier deck. Why the tower had cleared him for take-off and how his plane had staggered into the air with the outboard wing panels folded up, he could not say. But there was no time to speculate. He rammed the throttle home and clawed for altitude. At 100 ft, he circled cautiously until he could jettison his fuel, then landed with his wingtips still folded.

The Navy was understandably in no hurry to advertise Lieut. Barnes' embarrassment—or its own. But Chance Vought Aircraft, Inc., makers of the plane, thought it too good a story to keep—as if the brief flight proved something special about their plane instead of something forgetful about the man who flew it.



F8U CRUSADER WITH FOLDED WINGS
Surprisingly, it flew.



UPI

TEST PILOT WALKER

THE COLD WAR Melancholy Mission to Moscow

After the Russians captured U-2 Pilot Francis G. Powers last May 1, both his wife and his parents asked the Soviet embassy in Washington for permission to go to Moscow to see him. With the baffling arbitrariness that so often characterizes Soviet officialdom, the Russians granted a visa only to Powers' father Oliver, who runs a shoe repair shop in Norton, Va. Powers' wife Barbara, 24, spent three anxious months importuning the U.S. State Department for help, pleading with Soviet embassy officials, even sending a personal appeal to Nikita Khrushchev.

Last week the Soviet embassy granted visas to Powers' wife and mother, enabling them to arrive in Moscow shortly before Powers goes on trial on Aug. 17, his 31st birthday. Four lawyers seeking to defend Powers, including Columbia University's Russian expert, John N. Hazard, were denied visas; instead a court-assigned Soviet lawyer will represent Powers. The airman will face espionage charges in the military section of the Soviet Supreme Court. If convicted, Powers can be sentenced to from seven years' imprisonment to death. Unless the Russians change their minds, his family will not be permitted to talk with him until after the trial.

MONEY

For 1¢ Plain

Fed up with calls from people wanting to sell them pennies, Los Angeles coin dealers quit answering their jangling phones. In Ohio, a man offered a new 1960 Pontiac for a \$50 bag of mint 1960 pennies. In Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities, banks were experiencing a penny shortage.

The penny panic broke out when a Washington coin dealer told a reporter that new 1960 pennies with flawed date numerals were "the hottest item in the coin business," bringing up to \$8 apiece. When the story hit the papers, a post office in New Orleans had to put on seven extra clerks to handle the calls. An eager Philadelphian backed a trailer up to the mint, prepared to buy pennies by the bagful and take his chances. Nobody seemed to be listening when the Assistant Director of the Bureau of the Mint an-

nounced that the pennies in question were not flawed in any way that would enhance their value. There were many millions of them in circulation anyway, and that they were really worth just 1¢ apiece.

THE CENSUS Wide Open Spaces

Despite all the babies born during the 1950s, the U.S. is actually less densely populated today than it was a decade ago. The average population density is 50.4 people per sq. mi. as against 50.7 in 1950. Reason for this paradox, reported last week by the Census Bureau: when sparsely populated Alaska became a state, the U.S. added 2½ sq. mi. of territory for every Alaskan.

While no other state is as empty as Alaska, some Western states are still prettily roomy by contrast with the populous industrial states of the East.

States with the most people per sq. mi.:

New Jersey	800.2
Rhode Island	798.7
Massachusetts	650.1
Connecticut	513.3
New York	346.2
Maryland	311.3

States with the fewest people per sq. mi.:

Idaho	8.0
New Mexico	7.8
Montana	4.6
Wyoming	3.4
Nevada	2.6
Alaska	0.4

THE SOUTH Counter-Revolution

The Negro sit-in campaigns to achieve equality in sitting down at lunch counters won three more victories last week. Variety stores (all of them national chains: Woolworth, Kress, Grant) in Durham, N.C.; Chattanooga, Tenn., and Miami, Fla., opened counters to all customers without discrimination. Since the sit-in movement began last February in Greensboro, N.C., counters have been desegregated in 32 other cities and counties in the South and the border states:

Kansas: Kansas City.

Kentucky: Frankfort.

Maryland: Baltimore.

Missouri: Jefferson City, St. Joseph.

North Carolina: Chapel Hill, Charlotte, Concord, Elizabeth City, Greensboro, High Point, Salisbury, Winston-Salem.

Oklahoma: Guthrie, Oklahoma City, Tulsa.

Tennessee: Knoxville, Nashville.

Texas: Austin, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Galveston, San Antonio.

Virginia: Arlington and Fairfax counties; Alexandria, Falls Church, Fredericksburg, Hampton, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Williamsburg.

TEXAS

The Imperfect Crime

To his neighbors in Houston's Afton Oaks section, Accountant Joseph Selby, 25, seemed a quiet, law-abiding and prosperous citizen. But Selby had a secret life. He spent a lot of time in the Negro dis-

trict's "massage parlors," where the masseuses are really prostitutes.

Watching her husband over the years, Selby's wife Wilma found out about his other life. As he told it afterwards, she was forever suspecting him; inspected him nightly for telltale lipstick, once threatened to kill him. Instead, early last year, methodical Accountant Joseph Selby set out to hire somebody to kill Wilma.

Selby's six-month search for a murderer was filled with bizarre frustrations. He paid a woman named Lizzie Lee to find him a killer. Lizzie disappeared without doing the job. Selby next turned to Waitress Lillie Tillman for help, and she, too, failed to find a murderer for hire. So Selby paid Lillie to mail Wilma a box of poisoned chocolates. Lillie deceived him by mailing unpoisoned candy. In all, she took Selby for more than \$2,000.

Selby then told his problems to Patra Mae Bounds, who worked at his favorite massage parlor, and she put him in touch



Doris Johnson—Houston Post

CONSPIRATORS SELBY & MAGGIE MORGAN

The victim joined in the hymn.

with a Negro fortuneteller named Maggie Morgan. Wax-wigged Maggie Morgan got a promise of \$1,500 from Selby and a key to his house, arranged for an acquaintance of hers to work in the Selby home as a maid. One day Maggie went to his house to study the layout and plan the murder found Wilma Selby at home, coolly sat down at the piano to play and sing a hymn, *Jesus, Keep My Near the Cross*. Wilma and the maid joined in the singing.

Maggie Morgan finally found a man to do the job, a 300-lb. hulk named Clarence Collins. One evening Joseph dined by candlelight with his wife at the fashionable Colonial Club. After dinner, at his suggestion, Wilma dropped her husband off downtown, drove on home by herself. When Selby got home his wife was dead, shot twice with a .22-cal. pistol.

But for all his methodical planning, Joseph Selby had confided his ambitions to many people. In an Austin courtroom last week, he was found guilty as an accomplice in the murder of his wife and sentenced to life imprisonment.

CALIFORNIA

The Long Search

The brooding, majestic Sierra Nevada range that thrusts up between the valleys of California and the deserts to the east has on occasion been a deadly barrier to man's fragile aircraft. Confident jets and older prop jobs overfly it every day, but hidden among the Sierra Nevada's rocky gorges and forested slopes rests the remains of other planes that struck the range's towering peaks or plunged to earth in wild, relentless winter storms.

Campers and hikers in the Sierra Nevada range often encounter a husky, grim-faced man who haunted the mountains on an endless search, traveling sometimes afoot, sometimes by motorcycle, stopping on a ridge now and then to scan the silent expanses of forest and rock with his binoculars. Many a California outdoorsman came to know him by his nickname, "the Phantom Rider." Fewer knew his real name, Clinton Hester, and his mission: he was searching for his son.

A Marble Urn. Clint Hester had been friend and companion to his only son Bob. They often hiked and camped together in the Sierra Nevada. When young Bob decided that he wanted to learn to fly, Clint gladly encouraged him, allowed Bob to buy his own plane when he was 17. During World War II, air-struck Bob Hester inevitably joined the Air Corps. On Dec. 6, 1943, the B-24 that he was co-piloting disappeared in a raging storm over the Sierra Nevada. Search parties could find no trace of the plane or of its six-man crew.

At first Clint Hester was convinced that his son was alive somewhere in the mountains. To help in his search, he got hold of the classified flight plan of the lost B-24 and the position reports that it had radioed back. The pilot's last call, Hester learned, indicated that the plane was then flying somewhere near the town of Lone Pine, twelve miles east of Mount Whitney. In the Lone Pine area he began a search that continued for 14 years, halting only when the winter snows blocked the trails, resuming again in the spring.

As hope of finding his son alive faded away, Hester set up a marble urn in his backyard in Los Angeles as a memorial to Bob and his fellow crewmen. "The war will never end for us," he wrote to the parents of the lost B-24's pilot. He bought a parcel of land near Lone Pine, built a house there. "Now I won't have to go so far to look for Bob," he said.

An Unnamed Lake. A few years ago, a heart ailment slowed down Hester's long search. One day in February 1950, he said to his wife with a sad, fond smile: "The next heart attack I have, I'll see Bob." That same day, at 63, he died.

Last week, in the high reaches of the Sierra Nevada's Le Conte Canyon, 57 air miles from Lone Pine, two geologists and a park ranger came upon pieces of wreckage wedged among rocks near the outlet of an unnamed lake. In the waters of the lake, searchers found a shattered B-24 and all that remained of Bob Hester and his comrades.

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

Challenge to Authority

From steamy Léopoldville, five top officers from the new Congo government, leaving chaos behind, came racing across the Atlantic toward Manhattan. In the skyscraping U.N. building on the East River, international bureaucrats hurriedly set the stage for an emergency meeting of the Security Council. At the very moment that U.N. troops had seemingly restored stability to the Congo (see below), the intractable problems of that turbulent land flared into new crisis.

From the start, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld had handled the troubles of the Congo with brisk diplomatic skill, using them, among other things, to enhance the U.N.'s prestige and authority. But as always, Hammarskjöld and the U.N. were crippled by one overriding weakness: the U.N.'s inability to counter the threat of force with threatened force of its own. When one defiant man—Premier Moïse Tshombe of the Congo's rebellious Katanga province—threatened resistance to the U.N. forces, all Hammarskjöld's carefully laid plans went awry.

To the Security Council, Hammarskjöld presented two clear choices as to what to do next. The Council could authorize him to send U.N. forces into Katanga ready to shoot. Or, as Dag plainly favored, the Council could offer Tshombe assurance that the presence of U.N. troops would not be used to force Katanga to submit to the Congo government.

Tunisia and Ceylon had already drafted a resolution embodying Hammarskjöld's second alternative, but had coupled it with a demand that Belgium withdraw its troops from Katanga. The U.S.—with European fires to watch as well—as reluctant to press hard on Belgium too hard, but ready to go along. Soviet Russia, however, seemed to want nothing more than continued chaos in the Congo. Russian Delegate Vasily Kuznetsov dismissed the Afro-Asian resolution as too wishy-washy, suggested to fellow delegates that if the U.N. troops presently in the Congo could not eject the Belgians, the U.N. should send troops that would. The Russians also let it be known that Soviet troops would be only too happy to take on the task.

The bulk of the Security Council members clearly favored Hammarskjöld's approach. The Russians, though they might lose no opportunity to prove what vigilant protectors they are of new African nations, almost certainly had no intention of making good on their talk of armed intervention in the Congo. The situation was a diplomat's kind of crisis: nothing so flamboyant as war was in prospect, but the times required skilled diplomacy so that a new, unready but proud nation could get off to the right kind of start.

CONGO Katanga v. the World

In the Congo the week began in deceptive calm. Cautiously, Belgian merchants crept back into the cities, taking down the shutters from their shop windows in hasty compliance with the Congo Cabinet's decree that stores and factories must reopen by August 8 or be confiscated. Reports of continuing tribal warfare among the Baluba and Lulua in the Kasai interior hardly ruffled Léopoldville's street crowds. Here and there local com-

Belgians drew from the colony. In Katanga, Provincial Boss Moïse Tshombe stoutly insisted that the Belgians must stay to protect Katanga's self-proclaimed status as a sovereign "republic" independent of Lumumba's government. Even a public promise from Hammarskjöld that the troops the U.N. wanted to send in to replace the Belgians would not meddle in Katanga's quarrels with Lumumba failed to budge the stubborn Tshombe.

On the Air. As chief of a government dominated by Belgian "advisers" and propped up by a 7,000-man Belgian army,



U.N.'S DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD RETURNING FROM THE CONGO
Is resolution the answer to chaos?

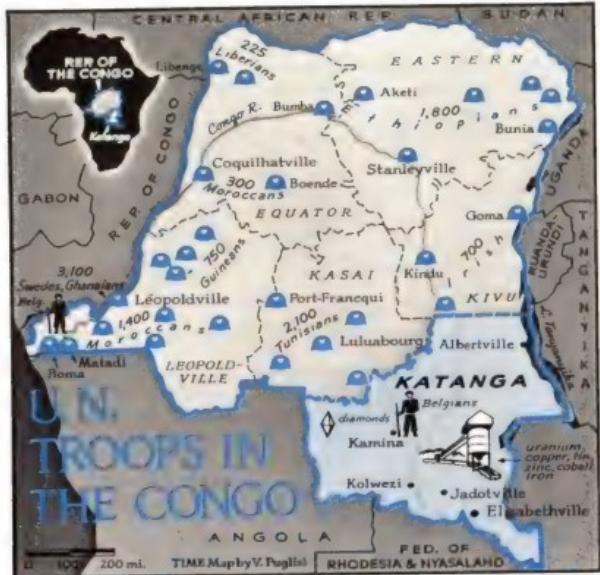
manders of the Congo's restive *Force Publique* set up as semi-independent potentates. One Sabena pilot on a routine flight to Stanleyville suddenly heard on his radio the voice of the "commander of the Fifth Bicycle Battalion" warning sternly: "Do not violate my air space again or I'll shoot you down!" But in the 47 regional centers where they had been scattered by whirlwind airlifts (see map), the U.N.'s 11,000 troops had no trouble at all keeping the peace.

Louder & Louder. While his blue-helmeted men stood bored guard duty on sweltering street corners and dusty village lanes, Dag Hammarskjöld dickered endlessly with the Congo's erratic politicians. Encouraged by the mercurial remarks of Premier Patrice Lumumba as he wended his way home from the U.S., the Congo government became more and more insistent on the departure of Belgian troops from their bastion in Katanga.

The mineral-rich southeastern province of Katanga in preindependence days supplied 60% of the revenue of the Congo government and most of the wealth the

Moïse Tshombe looked mighty like a puppet of Brussels. Operating on this theory, Hammarskjöld early last week sent one of his aides flying off to Belgium with a blunt appeal: Remove your forces from Katanga so the U.N. can take over. Within hours, the envoy flashed back word of Belgian acceptance and Hammarskjöld happily went on the air with an announcement that U.N. troops would move into Katanga at week's end. Dag then sent the U.S.'s Ralph Bunche flying off to the Katanga capital of Elisabethville as his advance emissary.

But while Congo government ministers jubilantly feted Dag, enraged Moïse Tshombe called for "total mobilization." declared: "Katanga is independent, and will remain independent. The U.N. has no more right than any other country to enter our territory against its will." In Elisabethville and other Katanga towns, volunteers and recruits lined up by the hundreds to join Katanga's "army," and Tshombe's aides sent light planes to drop leaflets over the countryside, urging Katangans to prepare for war. There were



no visible signs of Belgian pressure on Tshombe to give in.

Beer & Orange Pop. When Advance Man Bunche arrived at Elisabethville in his white U.N. Convair, only two Belgian officials and an honor guard were on hand to greet him. Tshombe pointedly waited at his official residence for Bunche's call. There, sipping beer while Tshombe drank orange pop, Bunche argued earnestly for 2½ hours. Then Tshombe called in the press to declare airily: "I am confident no United Nations troops will enter Katanga." If they should, he went on, "the U.N. will bear a heavy responsibility and will provoke a conflict bringing discredit on it in the eyes of the world."

Next day a tight-lipped Bunche headed for the airport to await the plane that would fly him back to Leopoldville. When he got to the field, he found platoons of gun-toting troops, apparently ready to riddle the plane if it proved to contain the vanguard of arriving U.N. troops. Nearby were trucks and oil drums to be used as runway obstacles if more planes arrived. Sensing a delicate moment, Bunche grabbed the airport radio microphone and asked the pilot of the plane heading for the field whether any soldiers were on board. Assured there were none, the Katangans allowed the plane to land. "This is a free country, and we do not want the United Nations here," shouted Katanga's Interior Minister at Bunche as he prepared to depart. "You can refuel your plane and leave!" As Bunche walked up the steps into the plane, the Katanga troops trained their guns on him until the door was closed.

Pursuing Voices. Tshombe might well be attempting a great bluff, very likely would be willing to settle in the end for a semi-autonomous status in a Congo confederation. But he had one strong card. Hammarskjöld's mandate from the U.N. members who had sent troops to the Congo did not permit him to commit the U.N. "army" to battle—or even to a jungle skirmish. For hours after hearing Bunche's report, Dag pondered the strength of Tshombe's hand. At last, barely six hours before the first contingent was due to take off, Hammarskjöld canceled orders for U.N. troops to enter Katanga. Calling ahead to call a special meeting of the Security Council, Hammarskjöld boarded a plane for New York.

As he flew westward, angry voices pursued him. At least for the moment, his backdown over Katanga had dented U.N. prestige in Africa. Both Guinea's Premier Sékou Touré and Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah rushed out statements of support for Lumumba's Congo government, offered to mobilize their minuscule armed forces to help throw the Belgians out. "This," announced Touré, "is henceforth the responsibility of African soldiers." But the sharpest cut of all came from the weather-vane Congo government, whose Cabinet only a few hours earlier had voted full confidence in Dug. From Premier Lumumba, still off on his travels, came instructions to his Cabinet colleagues to demand the immediate departure of all U.N. troops from the Congo. After all, he said, "they are only parading in the Congo, instead of aiding in the evacuation of Belgian troops."

The Female Touch

Even in darkest Congo, female companionship can help to lighten the surrounding gloom. The Congo's harried leaders last week could be grateful for two comely women flitting happily around the candle of fame.

Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba found soothing companionship in 24-year-old Elyane Vermeirsch, auburn-haired daughter of a Belgian art dealer whom Lumumba first met in Brussels seven months ago. Spotting her at a London press conference fortnight ago, Lumumba invited Elyane to join his transatlantic turbojet as "interpreter, secretary and adviser" for his ten-day trip to the U.S. and Canada. "What girl would not have taken the opportunity?" she breathed. "I just love to travel."

A different kind of impact on Congo affairs was being made by Madame André Blouin, a handsome, 41-year-old mulatto of leftist inclinations, whose steel will and quick energy make her an invaluable political aide as well as round-the-clock companion to Lumumba's Deputy Premier, bespectacled Antoine Gizenga.

Madame Blouin had her first flirtation with politics in her native Ubangi-Shari, then a French colony. She married a former French army officer, and when he wandered off to Guinea on a gold mining job, Madame Blouin went along, and became so enthusiastic about Sékou Touré that she became a close adviser to him, and a kind of Madame de Staél of his revolutionary movement. In time, she shifted her affections to Gizenga and the cause of Congo freedom. She gave it all, in expensive Paris frocks she campaigned on a left-wing, anti-West platform to help her boy Gizenga. "I am not a Communist," she insists stoutly, "but I am African, and so naturally I oppose the West and its colonialism."



MADAME BLOUIN
"Naturally I oppose colonialism."

Last week Madame Blouin, who now holds the official title of Chief of Protocol in the Congo government, was peddling her views to dozens of Congolese politicians who streamed through her office which adjoins Lumumba's residence. As chief speechwriter for Deputy Premier Gizenga, she also whipped up the tirade against the U.N. and the West which Gizenga delivered at a banquet honoring Dag Hammarskjold's arrival.

As Patrice Lumumba's plane finally headed south on his return journey to Africa, he parted with Elyane Vermeirsch, bright with purple parasol, lipstick and nail polish, and she quietly headed back to a more prosaic life in Brussels. Those who know Madame Blouin best suspected it would not be so easy to get rid of her.

GREAT BRITAIN

Fit for Kings

Perhaps no critic of London's Savile Row will ever surpass the wrathful British nobleman who once rode his horse into his tailor's, and while it messed up the carpet complained about his riding breeches: "Too tight at the fork and the kneejan, damn you, too baggy everywhere else!" Last week criticism in the century-old sartorial capital of the male world was being heard once again. The topic was still baggy trousers.

The controversy started when the Duke of Windsor confided that while he still gets his jackets in London, he now gets his trousers at Harris in New York. Agreed British Couturier Digby Morton: "British trousers look floppy. They are too full, too big all over. Pants are to a man what a brassiere is to a woman. They give the figure a line." And in Manhattan a Brooks Brothers executive agreed that "Savile Row has now taken second place to Italy" with its drainpipe trouser effect.

Savile Row doggedly fought back. Snapped one tailor snappily: "Digby Morton is a lady's fashion designer, and it's very noticeable in his pants. We have never admired the American seat." Said another: "We can't vouch for the Windsors." At Henry Poole & Co., oldest of the fashionable Savile Row establishments, a cutter learnedly expounded the theory of the ample trouser leg: "The full thigh acts as a hinge, enabling a man to lift his leg without bending his knee on the front of his trousers."

Fumes of Privilege. All is not yet lost on Savile Row, the "Golden Mile" made up of some 200 establishments on half a dozen streets in Mayfair. In a men's-club atmosphere of horseshoe sofas, fireplaces, brass candelabras and roll-top desks, the shops breathe—as one historian noted appreciatively—"the fumes of privilege, of clubs, of Toryism." In keeping with the tradition that put a Savile Row uniform on Napoleon III when he mounted the throne of France, Hawes & Curtis recently finished a \$900, gold-braided beauty for Thailand's King Bhumibol, as part of a 113-suit wardrobe. At Denman & Goddard's, cutters have been diligently re-making a drainpipe-trousered bohemian



CONGO'S LUMUMBA & BELGIUM'S VERMEIRSCH

"I just love to travel."

into the royal fashionplate that is Antony Armstrong-Jones.

But, conceded the head of one firm, "winds of change are blowing." Last week John Morgan & Co. dispatched swatches of material, in blues and greys, from which Senator John F. Kennedy will pick his fall suits. Another firm was making 30 suits for a Texas tycoon. Thirty Savile Row firms now have agents in the U.S., and some do 40% of their summer business with American tourists. Under pressure from such lucrative customers, most will now cut suits along slimmer American lines, and some have even consented to make drainpipe trousers devoid of "turnups" (cuffs).

Nobles in Purpose. The clash of tastes is sometimes painful on both sides. A Madison Avenue adman, opening the door to one of the Row's austere shrines, took one look and fled—"I thought maybe I had to be elected." One cutter, gingerly removing a Brooks Brothers jacket from a customer, murmured reproachfully: "Not. I think, one of ours, sir." But despite the awesome atmosphere and the great trousers schism, Americans keep coming to Savile Row for tailoring that is as smooth, in one cutter's words, as "a milpond in a heat wave." For it is hard to resist tailors whose purpose, avows Gerald Abrahams, chairman of the British Men's Wear Guild, is to "make you look stronger and slimmer and younger and richer."

Sunset

When Britannia imperiously ruled the waves, the Admiralty had a settled policy: maintain as many battlewagons as the world's other top two powers combined. In 1918, before the sun commenced to set on British seapower, the Royal Navy boasted 50 battleships. Last week, without ceremony, the navy sailed the last of Her Majesty's battleships, the 44,500-

ton *Languard*, from Portsmouth up to the Clyde to be broken up for scrap.

Commissioned in 1946, *Languard* never fired a shot in anger, and her last commander agreed unabashedly that "battleships are out of date." But for Britain's old salts it was a mournful moment: since the first *Languard* fought against the Armada, twelve Royal Navy ships have borne the name. And *Languard* herself seemed to have an apprehension about where she was headed. In Portsmouth harbor she slipped away from four tugs, slewed around sharply and ran bow-up on a mudbank, where she clung so stubbornly that it took an hour to get her off and on her way to the junk heap again.

THE COLD WAR

Khrushchev's Purpose

Three weeks ago, in a polite but damning note, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan wrote to Nikita Khrushchev: "I simply do not understand what your purpose is." It was not the kind of remark to provoke a humble confession of contrition from Khrushchev, and it didn't. Last week came his reply: a letter that blamed the West for the summit collapse, the Berlin stalemate, the RB-47 incident, the Congo crisis, the Cuban situation and a few other disturbances that crossed Nikita's mind.

As such, it was not a bad reflection of East-West relations last week. At the U.N., Russian officials raced about lobbying among delegates against convening the 82-nation U.N. Disarmament Commission next week, as the U.S. proposed. Alternatively hinting boycott and begging support, the Red diplomats talked up Khrushchev's counter-proposal: postponing any disarmament discussion until September at which time, Nikita suggested, as many as possible of the 82 U.N. chiefs of state should gather at the General Assembly



NUCLEAR DELEGATES WADSWORTH & TSARAPKIN
Among a spate of crises, the biggest summit.

London Daily Express

for the biggest summit meeting in human history.

The Lonely Visitor. Khrushchev's grandstanding offer, if meant to be taken seriously, casually undercut his dictum reiterated only last week in his letter to Macmillan—that he would never again sit down at a conference table with Dwight Eisenhower. At such a spectacular get-together of chiefs of state, Russia might find it easier than in a more professional Disarmament Commission session to avoid explaining why the self-styled champions of peace had stalled out of the ten-nation Geneva disarmament talks last June. And if the Disarmament Commission is prevented from meeting, it is prevented from urging the Russians to get back to serious negotiations.

Khrushchev might have something else in mind. The Red leader plans to visit "brave little Cuba," and has been angling unsuccessfully so far—for invitations to visit other Latin American nations, particularly Mexico. By dropping in at the General Assembly—even if no other chief of state shows up—Khrushchev might make his Cuban call seem a less provocative gesture.

Talk-Weariness. In the talk-weary halls of Geneva, Soviet maneuvers were just as devious. The nuclear test-ban talks sessions had gotten down to discussing about how many on-site inspections a year would be permitted. The U.S. and Great Britain wanted about 20; fortnight ago Russia consented to three. Though U.S. Delegate James J. Wadsworth rejected the Russian offer as "ridiculous and completely unacceptable," he added hopefully: "At least we now know the range of bargaining." But Russia last week rejected out of hand another U.S. proposal: to pool obsolete U.S., British and Russian atomic devices in developing instruments necessary to detect underground atomic blasts. Since Russia did not intend to carry on

any underground detection tests, declared Soviet Delegate Semyon Tsarapkin, there was no need for such a pool.

But despite "Scratchy" Tsarapkin's tough talk, Western delegates still clung to the conviction or hope that Russia would not abandon the test-ban talks. Their grounds: the Soviet delegation's surprisingly candid private declarations that Russia feels a pressing need for a test ban "before other nations start developing nuclear weapons." And of course the Russians let it be understood that the "other nation" they most want kept out of the nuclear era is Red China.

THE ALLIES

Who's for Whom?

Around the world, friends, allies and newsmen were beginning to devote themselves to the study of John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon. For most of them it was largely unfamiliar territory. So far, the most common preliminary response was to find more similarities than differences between the two candidates (see cartoon). More maliciously, Paris' satirical *Le Canard Enchaîné* saw the election as "Tricky Dicky v. Johnny the Pinup Boy," and *Paris-Soir* called it a "fight of midweights." On the strength of their own interests, their instinctive prejudices and a considerable amount of downright misinformation, the nations of the non-Communist world last week were starting to choose up sides.

In general, those nations that sigh for some way to negotiate an end to the cold war leaned to the Democrats; those that believe in the tough line felt better on the side of the Republicans. Formosa's daily *Lien Ho Jih Pao* suspected that "Senator Kennedy is not mature on the China problem." Many Turks seemed to agree with an Ankara businessman who said: "Nixon was willing to stand up to

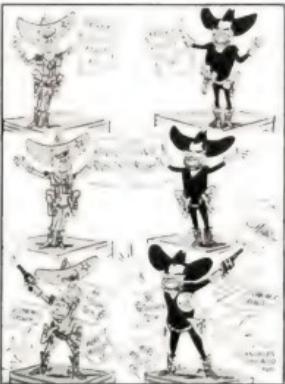
the Russians, but we don't know anything about Kennedy." In Britain and the Scandinavian countries, where nostalgia for Adlai Stevenson remains high, much sentiment favored the Democrats. They did not know Kennedy, but had lingering doubts about Nixon.

The Adlai Factor. Often the greatest curiosity developed over Kennedy's likely choice as Secretary of State. Indians were excited by the talk that he might pick Chester Bowles, who as Ambassador to India was an ardent Nehru fan. For the same reason, many Pakistanis leaned toward Nixon. Said one Karachi newsman: "I get cold shivers every time I think of the specter of Chester Bowles peering over Kennedy's shoulder."

West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was described by a recent visitor as "totally preoccupied" with the possibility that Stevenson might become Democratic Secretary of State and launch a "soft" policy on Berlin. Throbbing with suspicion, Adenauer fortnight ago sent his press chief, Felix von Eckhardt, to the U.S. to sound out Adlai's chances. (Eckhardt's conclusion, after seeing Kennedy, Stevenson, former New York Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, and "using my ears, not my mouth": nobody knows right now.)

The Esthetic Factor. As U.S. voters have been known to do, many Europeans reached their choice by tortuous paths. Some Italian anticlericals favored Roman Catholic Kennedy because he would "tell off Cardinal Spellman and set an example to our own Christian Democrats." France's tabloid *Paris-Soir*, after rhapsodizing over Jackie Kennedy's French ancestry and artistic leanings, declared with evident approval that she "wishes to admit to the White House the Latin Quarter, the quays of the Seine and Montparnasse." The Quai d'Orsay remembered Kennedy's explosive 1957 speech calling for independence for Algeria.

One feeling that almost all U.S. allies seemed to share was the uneasy (and ex-



V.-S.—New Statesman
"ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER . . ."

aggerated) suspicion that Dwight Eisenhower—and hence U.S. foreign policy—would be in a state of drift from now until election time, and that the U.S. had already suffered a fall in prestige. French diplomats talked of “flottement” (vacillation) and the British of “vacuum.” The politest way of expressing this was the London *Daily Telegraph*’s feeling that Ike was a “consolidator,” while Kennedy or Nixon would be “innovators.” Under either Kennedy or Nixon, one ingredient of the Western alliance would soon be missing: the so-i-told-Winston and remember-back-in-Africa camaraderie that has linked Ike with De Gaulle and Macmillan. But almost everybody seemed ready and eager to trade old palships for new vigor. Declared Britain’s *Manchester Guardian* hopefully: “Whatever happens, both the Los Angeles and Chicago conventions must give America’s friends the feeling that they are on the move.”

SICILY

In Darkest Southern Europe

As the ancient steam-driven train from Palermo chugged out of the Sicilian hill town of Zucco-Montelepre one night last week, four masked men emerged from the shadows and hopped aboard the mail car. Guns drawn, they warned the lone mail clerk not to move or they would kill him. Ripping open mail sacks, they collected \$19,000, then jumped from the train, leaving the clerk trussed up on the floor. The stationmaster back in Zucco-Montelepre’s rickety railroad station which is eerily lit by flickering oil lamps allowed as how he had seen the men before the holdup, might have been able to identify them “if only we had had electricity.”

Charity Begins . . . To Sicilians, the connection between frontier-style crime and economic backwardness is more than a mere alibi. In an era when the down-trodden of Asia, Latin America and Africa make more drastic claims on the world’s sympathy, Sicily, the home of one of Europe’s oldest civilizations, gets scant foreign attention. But of Sicily’s 4,700,000 people, 900,000 are officially classed as totally destitute, 1,200,000 more “semi-deserted.” In Palermo, a recent neighborhood survey found 498 people (74 of them infants) crowded into 118 rooms. There was only one toilet in the whole area. In the villages, life is no better. In Palma di Montechiaro in western Sicily, 65% of the inhabitants are illiterate, live mainly in shacks or caves.

Out of such poverty and 2,000 years of rule from the outside has emerged a society utterly contemptuous of formal law. One area of Sicily recently tallied up 520 murders, two-thirds still unsolved. Many were blamed on the Mafia, “the honorable society” that originally functioned as a kind of resistance movement to government by foreigners. Though the Mafia runs a kind of crude kangaroo legal system—which is often preferred by the peasants to the caprices of a distrusted

judge—much of Sicily’s violence is as simple and stark as passion and avarice. For dispensing its brand of justice, the Mafia is handsomely paid. In Licata, probably Italy’s most debt-ridden town, Mafia usurers charge interest as high as 120% monthly.

The White Hope. In Giuseppe Di Lampedusa’s bestselling novel *The Leopard*, a character remarks: “In Sicily it doesn’t matter about doing things well or badly. The sin which we Sicilians never forgive is simply that of ‘doing at all.’” Danilo Dolci, the erratic but militant Italian reformer who settled in Partinico and runs a series of private settlement houses for slum dwellers that have stirred Italy’s conscience, believes that Sicily should import a team of U.S.-trained sociologists to study the roots of Sicily’s distress so that economic aid might be made more effective. Most of Sicily’s own spokesmen simply call for that standard 20th century nostrum: rapid industrial development of the island.

In fact, though Sicilians characteristically feel victimized by whatever Italian government is in power, Rome, since World War II, has been generous to Sicily. To provide jobs, the government’s *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno* (Fund for the South) has approved \$600 million worth of public works: damming rivers, building roads and electrifying villages. To encourage private investment, Sicilian industry has been exempted from taxation. Result: in 1950 alone, 110 new enterprises opened. The giant Montecatini chemical combine has invested \$150 million in Sicilian plants and mines. Then there is oil. Six years after Sicily’s first strike, Gulf Italia last year drew 1,400,000 tons of oil out of the rocky soil of Ragusa.

Pockets of Change. Thanks to such changes, although a century late, Sicily has begun its own industrial revolution. On the east coast, around Augusta, oil refinery cracking towers blend against olive and almond groves. At dusk oil-workers, pockets ajingle, promenade in the piazzas, eying the girls. But despite the glowing statistics cited by Italy’s planners, the pace of Sicily’s industrialization is nowhere near adequate to its needs. Corruption, superstition, and dissatisfaction flourish. Violence is so near the surface that what began last month as an orderly trade union demonstration in Palermo turned into a rampaging riot in which a crowd of 30,000 overturned cars and buses, smashed and looted store windows.

ALGERIA

Murder on the Beach

All along the 45 miles of coast running from torrid Algiers west to Chenoua Beach, bungalows and cabanas were crowded with sun worshipers. Moslem and European alike. On the coastal roads autos moved bumper to bumper with only an occasional armored car to serve as a reminder that this was Algeria and



Scenes of destruction in Sicily. (UPI)

CHILDREN OF PALERMO
As simple as passion and avarice.

not the French Riviera. Then a wisp of smoke rising on the mountain behind Chenoua Beach raised a forest fire alarm. After beach police rushed off to the fire F.L.N. terrorists went to work.

One of them, wearing the uniform of the loyal French-officered Harki troops, stopped a car on the highway and shot its driver dead. About 30 other terrorists sprang from the woods and set upon the crowded coastline. They kicked open several cottage doors and machine-gunned people inside. Bathers caught out in the open were ordered not to move: some were picked off by the rebels, a survivor later related, “like so many rabbits.” When French armored cars rushed up 15 minutes later, 13 bathers lay dead or dying, and another 30 wounded. Soon 6,000 French troops poured into the area; but not one F.L.N. rebel could be found.

The massacre at Chenoua Beach climaxed the worst week of rebel terrorism in Algeria since June 1957. It stemmed from rebel rage at the breakdown six weeks ago of preliminary truce talks between France and the F.L.N. Since then French officers had spread the word among Algeria’s many uncommitted Moslems that “the F.L.N. is finished.” The massacre at Chenoua might not endear the rebels to their fellow countrymen—many Moslems were appalled—but it was meant to prove cold-bloodedly that the F.L.N. was not yet to be counted out.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Nasser's Fury

In Egypt it was “Hate-Iran Week.” Fortnight ago, President Gamal Abdel Nasser summoned home his ambassador in Teheran, and Iran’s ambassador in Cairo was ordered to leave Egypt with hardly



PRESIDENT NASSER
No talk.

time to change from pajamas to street clothes. To speed the harried ambassador on his way, an Egyptian court attached the Iranian embassy's furniture as security for a tradesman's bill.

Nasser was moved to wrath by a recent, offhand press-conference remark by the Shah of Iran, who said that though Iran does not formally recognize Israel, it does recognize the Israeli government *de facto*. Iran is not an Arab nation, but it is a Moslem one, and Nasser thought that this was letting down the side. Nasser also knew that for some time Iranian oil has been secretly sold to Israel, in defiance of the Arab League boycott which U.S. oil companies generally adhere to.

Iran's oil need not travel through Nasser's Suez Canal. It can be unloaded at Israel's Red Sea port of Elath, on the Gulf of Aqaba. This week a new, 16-in. pipeline across the Negev desert will connect Elath with Israel's big refinery at Haifa. Designed to carry 1,700,000 tons of oil a year, it can in time be stepped up to a 5,000,000-ton capacity. Since Israel itself uses only 1,500,000 tons of oil a year, the Israeli pipeline offers the possibility of sending Middle East oil products to Europe without paying Suez Canal tolls or being subject to Nasser's whim. Before a political rally in Alexandria, Nasser accused the Shah of being a tool of "imperialism," and, in classic fashion, all but invited the Shah's subjects to assassinate their king. Egypt's Ministry of Religious Affairs directed imams to preach sermons against the Shah as a "traitor to Islam," and Nasser urged his fellow Arab nations to withdraw their ambassadors from Teheran too. So far only Saudi Arabia has agreed, and on condition that all other Arab League nations made it unanimous.

In Washington last week World Bank President Eugene Black announced that there was "a good chance" that his or-

ganization would give the Israeli economy another boost by lending Israel \$27.5 million toward construction of a \$46 million Mediterranean harbor at the old Philistine port of Ashdod. The port would handle Israel's growing citrus trade, as well as products (potash, phosphates and other minerals) now being extracted in growing volume from the Negev desert.

SINGAPORE How to Catch a Millionaire

Out of the jungle 30 miles from Singapore one morning last week stumbled a tired, filthy, quaking figure. Inquisitive Singapore detectives found Rubber Magistrate Eng Hong Soon singularly unhelpful. By following the underworld rule of silence and paying over \$20,000 ransom, Eng managed to emerge alive from the hands of one of the kidnapping gangs that have lately been making life miserable for Singapore's 100-odd Chinese millionaires.

In the past ten months, kidnappers have grabbed six millionaires and three wealthy children. One eleven-year-old boy is still missing after seven months, and a merchant named Koh Eng Pang bled to death in the front seat of his car after trying to fight off a kidnapper's ambush. More typical of the pattern was the case of Ong Cheng Siang, the chairman of a bus company, who disappeared last April while on the way home in his Mercedes-Benz. From the kidnappers the family got his car keys and a terse set of instructions. After paying a record \$170,000 ransom, they got Ong back alive as promised. He was dumped out, hands bound and eyes taped, on a lonely country road.

So boldly do the Singapore kidnappers strike that the millionaires have given up favorite haunts: no more nights at the Tanjong Rhu club over cool drinks and mah-jongg, no more rides home on a quiet road where moonlight filters through acacia and tulip trees. To protect themselves, some millionaires, like the movie-mogul Shaw brothers, reportedly pay regular tribute to the underworld. Others have bought barbed-wire and snarling watchdogs. A few take the precaution of calling ahead to their destination whenever they go out, and if they fail to arrive on time, an alarm is sounded.

Whatever happens, the millionaires do not call the cops. Last April, after Biscuit King Lee Gee Chong was snatched from his limousine only 100 yards from his home, the family called in the police and then missed the rendezvous with the gang: Lee's wire-trussed body turned up a few days later in a Chinese cemetery. Since then, probably twice as many kidnappings have actually taken place as have been reported.

Last week, though still too leary to take up a police offer of bodyguards, the millionaires joined in a campaign to make kidnapping on the island punishable by death (present maximum sentence: ten years in prison). Complained one tycoon: "Singapore business has been greatly affected. We do not have the peace of mind to concentrate on our affairs."

JAPAN

Chinese, Go Home!

When 60-year-old Economist Hayato Ikeda succeeded hapless Nobusuke Kishi as Premier of Japan three weeks ago, a hopeful gleam lit up Peking's eyes. Though Ikeda, of course, was avowedly pro-American, he had once expressed enthusiasm for a revival of Japanese trade with China. Peking thought a little butting up might pay off.

Off to Tokyo's Sixth World Conference Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs went a 15-man Red Chinese delegation headed by veteran "Unionist" Liu Ning-yi. It was the kind of occasion suited to Peking's purposes: Japan relived its sorrowing memories on the 15th anniversary of the cloud over Hiroshima that killed more than 70,000 people in one flash. And to show Japan how lovable its big neighbor was, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai dropped in at a Swiss embassy reception in Peking to lecture hosts and guests on Red China's professed devotion to "peaceful coexistence."

Communist delegations, however, have a talent for invincible insensitivity. Arriving at Tokyo's Haneda Airport, Delegate Liu announced that he brought Red China's "heartfelt congratulations to the Japanese people for preventing the Eisenhower war-planning visit and overthrowing the Kishi Cabinet." And at the anti-bomb conference, Liu and Japan's Red-lining Chairman Kaoru Yasui congratulated each other on "a series of victories over American imperialism" in a manner so heavy-handed that participating organizations ranging from the Japan Federation of Youth to the Federation of Housewives threatened to withdraw from the conference unless the "political manipulation" stopped.

Retiring to their hotel rooms, Liu and his fellow delegates then settled down to



CHOU EN-LAI
No talk.

waiting for what they anticipated would be a parade of Japanese businessmen and politicians seeking a new Tokyo-Peking accommodation. But the parade never took place. Instead, even those Japanese newspapers that had sympathized with the June riots against Kishi proceeded to lambaste the Chinese delegation for "intervention in Japan's domestic affairs." Snapped *Tokyo Shimbun*: "The June demonstrations were manifestations of the people's anger against the Kishi Cabinet, not against Eisenhower. This Chinese delegation was expected to improve Japan-Peking relations. Instead, it has aggravated them."

Premier Ikeda and his government were not happy about their guests either. Originally, the Japanese Foreign Office had promised to extend Liu & Co.'s visitors' visas if they behaved. At week's end the Foreign Office let it be known that "in present circumstances" the Chinese delegation would probably have to leave Japan on schedule this week.

RED CHINA

Spear & Shield

The foremost novelist of Communist China is a Yangtze Valley scholar's son who calls himself Mao Tun. The name sounds exactly like the Chinese words for spear and shield—a combination which, according to a literary tradition 2,500 years old, signifies contradiction. Last week, as Red China's "creative workers" met in the shining new Great Hall of the People for Peking's Third National Congress of Writers and Artists, Mao Tun, 64, capped a long career as a man of contradiction.

In 1937, when he was already established as a novelist in the new vernacular style, Mao Tun was one of Chiang Kai-shek's most effective pamphleteers. But after a quarrel with Chiang, he veered left. The slashing novels he then wrote (*Midnight, Before Dawn*) against foreign imperialists and thieving landlords made him the most widely read young man of letters of the day; their sharp critical edge persuaded many young intellectuals that Communism might be China's best hope.

The Communists made Mao Tun, a non-Communist, their Minister of Culture, and sent him shuttling around the world to peace and cultural congresses. At Peking's Second Congress of Writers and Artists in 1953, he prodded his fellow Red lettermen: "The heroes of our fiction are drab and colorless creatures of abstraction. Many of our artists still lack the courage to write about the contradictions in our social life. They turn our rich experience into one-sided affairs, molded to fit an arid formula."

Last week, when the writers gathered again, Mao Tun was preaching the unashamed arid formula: "Praise the general line, the people's communes and the tremendous forward leaps," he urged his colleagues. "Unmask U.S. imperialism, which is feigning peace while intensifying war preparations." Production has been good, he said—almost twice as many works had been published in China in the past four

years as in the previous six, including such lyric flights as:

*Chairman Mao, father of us all,
After seeing you, I shall grow younger,
braver
And my songs will flow on forever,
Like the Lantsang River.*

There was one curious literary note that Mao Tun failed to mention. In 1958, the year of the great economic leap, the Writers and Artists Union announced plans for a literary leap as well. Mao Tun, like others, was assigned his quota: one long novel, two of medium length. As



Eastfoto

NOVELIST MAO TUN

No tales.

everybody in the audience knew, Mao Tun has produced no novel since. In fact, the pen of China's most important living novelist has been curiously still ever since Communism took over.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Refreshing Shift

With the hot gales of Congo nationalism blowing next door, the rulers of the sprawling, white-dominated Rhodesias were casting nervous glances at their own restive African populations. In copper-rich Northern Rhodesia, where apartheid-loving South African miners have settled by the thousands, the government has sought to ward off the independence virus among the blacks by marshaling troops along the Congo border, churning out emergency decrees and clapping African leaders into detention.

Last week, in a refreshing shift of tactics, Northern Rhodesia's legislature passed a law that promised to be a milestone in race relations in southern Africa. In the capital of Lusaka, where in the past Africans were required to make their purchases through hatches at the rear of shops, the legislative council passed a bill barring further racial discrimination in Northern Rhodesia's hotel dining rooms,

cafés, movie houses and other public places. Businessmen who can prove they have suffered a heavy loss of white customers by allowing Africans to trade will be compensated by the government in the first twelve months.

NYASALAND

Smiles That May Not Last

In a continent where complex constitutional problems breed and sting like mosquitoes, no place has a more complex problem than Nyasaland. A British protectorate, Nyasaland is a stringbean sliver of hills whose 2,720,000 African inhabitants are desperately determined to dissolve their homeland's 1953 forced merger with the two Rhodesias into the white-dominated Central African Federation. Fortnight ago, when delegates from Nyasaland and Britain sat down in London's ornate Lancaster House to debate a new deal for the little land, experts predicted failure. Peppery little Dr. Hastings Banda, idol of Nyasaland blacks, had threatened to walk out if his demands for complete African political control of Nyasaland were not accepted, and white representatives seemed certain to veto anything he suggested. Miraculously, the delegates last week arose from their labors with broad smiles, even if they might prove short-lived.

Credit for the smiles belonged to Iain Macleod, Britain's able Colonial Secretary, who four months ago freed Banda from a Rhodesian jail and allowed him to re-enter politics. "When you released me from prison," Banda told Macleod in London, "you were sticking your political neck out. You won my confidence completely—completely, without reservation."

Trading on Banda's gratitude, Macleod firmly presented the conference with the principles for a new Nyasaland constitution, among them provision for a legislature reflecting Nyasaland's African majority but safeguarding the minority (20,000) whites and Asians. With something for everybody in Macleod's package, bargaining began. In eleven brisk days, agreement was reached on a new legislative council in which the Africans would have 20 of the 33 seats, although a franchise based on income, property and literacy would limit the electoral roll to only 100,000 Africans. In return, Banda agreed that for the time being the executive council should have only an advisory role, leaving the British Governor as top dog.

As the talks ended, Nyasaland's leading white delegate, A.C.W. Dixon, turned to Dr. Banda and glowed: "Do call me up as soon as you get back, and let's have a cup of tea together." But within 24 hours Banda gave an interview suggesting that he had only postponed his more extreme demands: "I am coming back to England very soon. And next time, I shall say, 'Now, Mr. Colonial Secretary, I want this and this and this.'" Such bluster might only be meant to reassure extremists back home. A reporter pressed a further question: Is independence for Nyasaland ten years away? "Half that," replied Banda confidently.

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

All-American Grab

Fidel Castro last week announced the "forcible expropriation" of \$700 million worth of the total \$1 billion U.S. investment in Cuba. The effect was to complete the seizure of U.S. property that, until now, the Castros had only "intervened" in (meaning taken over to operate). The only U.S. property presumably left untouched were banks, some small firms, and two nickel plants.

As a dramatic stage for his announcement, an ailing Fidel Castro used the final meeting of the First Latin American Youth Congress at the Havana baseball stadium. From the moment he slowly climbed the steps to the speakers' platform in the glare of the night-game lights, it was obvious he was still not well. His usual cigar was missing. He slumped into a chair with his arms folded, staring at his feet, hunching forward and sideways, tugging the lapels of his coat together, running his hand over his face. When he got up to speak, he seemed to hoist himself gingerly from his seat.

Castro struck the theme of his talk immediately, lashing out at the U.S. as the "evil of America." But after 20 minutes of hatred, his voice failed, and his brother Armed Forces Chief Raúl Castro, grabbed the microphone as the crowd chanted, "Fidel, rest!" Raúl made the first announcement that U.S. property would be seized, carried on for 20 minutes, until Fidel was able to stand up again and read the expropriation decree himself. He singled out the \$100 million Cuban Electric Co., the Cuban Telephone Co., three more U.S. oil company subsidiaries, three dozen sugar mills. Compensation for U.S. property, Castro said, would be in 50-year Cuban bonds, paying 2% interest. (He



RAÚL CASTRO & JACOB ARBENZ IN HAVANA

A showpiece on TV, a braggart in his cups.

Andrew J. Bernstein, Magazine

earlier promised to pay for seized property with 20-year bonds, but there has been no sign of them.) Playing to the crowd, Castro said he would pay off the bonds to U.S. owners with 25% of the value of all Cuban sugar sold for 3.4¢ a lb. in the U.S. in excess of 3,000,000 lbs. a year—in other words, with the income he is not going to get from the preferred sugar quota the U.S. has withdrawn from Cuba.

Ills of the Maximum Leader

What ails Fidel Castro? The diagnosis so far, according to word passed along by one of Castro's consulting physicians, is that Cuba's Premier has a complex of ills of the lower alimentary canal, including hemorrhoids, diverticulitis of the colon and an abscess with fistula.

Diverticulitis results when waste matter becomes fixed in small, hernia-like outward bulges of the intestinal wall that sometimes develop where blood vessels enter. Bacteria multiply in the waste, and the intestinal wall becomes inflamed and infected. Untreated, the infection may rupture and form an abscess outside the wall of the colon. A fistula is an abnormal passage that burrows into another organ or to the outside of the body. Symptoms in severe cases of diverticulitis—nausea, vomiting, pain, constipation or diarrhea, chills and fever. Possible treatments: antibiotics, special diet, surgery.

Castro's aides are apparently going on the theory that it would be unseemly for the Maximum Leader to admit susceptibility to such unmentionable ailments. When he failed to show up at a rally a month ago, they summed up his ailment as "only a touch of pneumonia in the left lung." That evening Castro put on an army jacket and sat up in bed to reassure a TV audience that his doctors had merely ordered him to rest. A fortnight ago he stood in the rain to address a rally in Cuba's eastern mountains, remarked hortfully that he still was not well, and vanished again. This time his doctors announced cryptically that he needed no

only physical rest but complete mental rest as well. Castro was moved to secret seclusion.

As an intimate friend of Castro explains it, the recommendation of mental rest stems from Castro's current mood. Castro says the friend has entered a period of mysticism, and is eager to withdraw from the day-to-day world of misunderstanding, defecating friends and tedious government. He wants to retreat into the hills to write poetry (he has tried his hand at it and does well) and meditate. "I am leader of an American revolution," Castro told his friend recently, "not chief of a small country's government." But the mood is plainly related to his physical ills, and does not preclude a vigorous return to power when he feels better.

Spiritual Home

Until lately, Guatemala's former President Jacobo Arbenz has enjoyed lonely notoriety as the only head (until his downfall) of a Communist-dominated government in Latin American history. Now he may have to share the title with Cuba's Fidel Castro. Last week, visiting Cuba, Arbenz felt so much at home that he decided to move in permanently.

In 1954, facing the invading forces of U.S.-backed Rebel Carlos Castillo Armas, Arbenz abandoned the presidency to make a panicky dash for safety in the Mexican embassy. He thereby won the scorn of a militant young Argentine leftist, then temporarily living in Guatemala—Ernesto ("Che") Guevara. Said Che who is now Castro's one-man brain trust: "If Jacobo Arbenz had been a man, he would have taken himself to the streets and fought."

Leaning heavily on his spirited and strongly Marxist wife María Cristina (nicknamed "Maruca"), Arbenz left Mexico, alighted briefly in France and in Switzerland, where \$2,000,000 of Guatemalan government money reportedly waited in a numbered bank account. Then he settled in Prague. In 1956 he visited Moscow for several months, but the Russians sized him up as a lightweight Marxist-wise. Leaving his two daughters



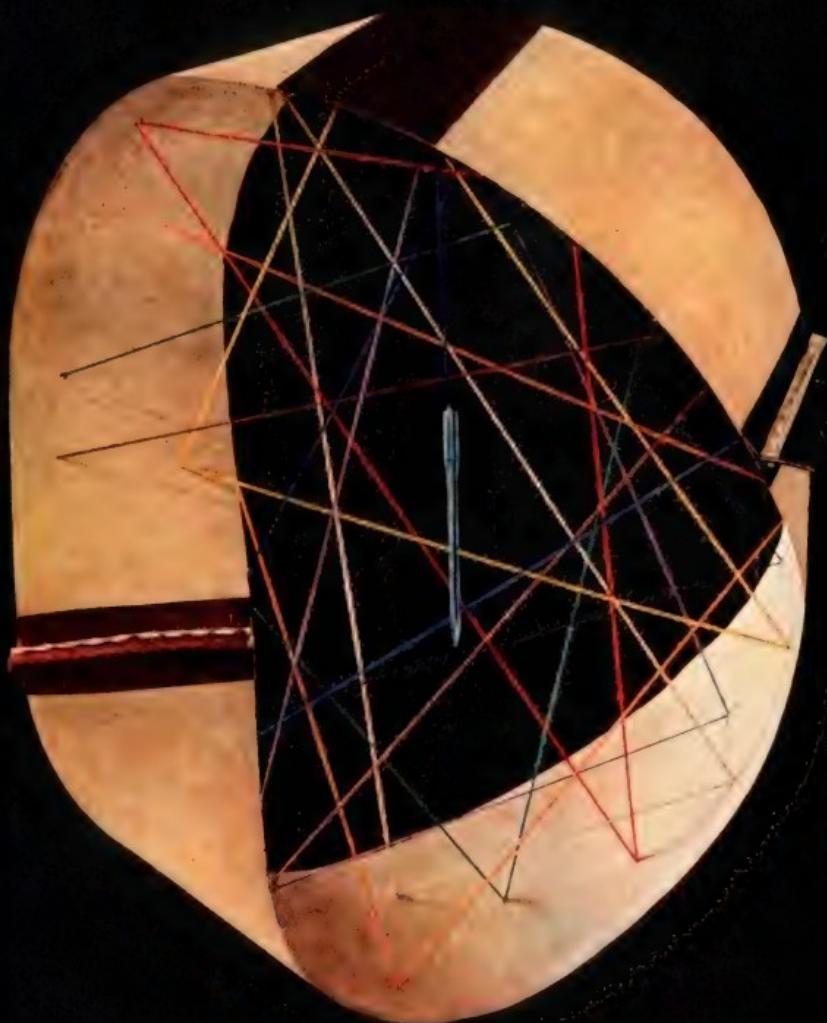
Castro at Youth Congress
Can a revolution falter?

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in a Russian boarding school, he headed back to the Western Hemisphere, landing in Montevideo in May 1957. Politically, he observed the rules of asylum by masking his Communist contacts as Russian language lessons. He indulged his love of cognac in all-night drinking bouts, threatening to flatten anyone who dared doubt his boxing ability. When he left on his Cuban junket three weeks ago, Maruca, who had urged him to go, stayed behind.

As a political spearhead for spreading Castro's influence to Guatemala, Arbenz is likely to prove of small value. Guatemala's leftists tend to consider him a quitter and a has-been. Instead, Arbenz will continue the role of propaganda showpiece that he began last week before the cameras of Havana's Television-Revolution. "Latin America was jolted by the intervention of North American imperialism in Guatemala," he said. "The Guatemalan situation will not be repeated in Cuba. When a people is so united and determined to win, when it has leaders so self-denying, audacious and brave, when it . . .

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

In Retreat

Trujillo is in retreat. Last week the 68-year-old Dominican dictator emptied his desk and closed his office in the National Palace, where—whether officially President or not—he has ruled the country for 30 years. He fired his brother Héctor, who for the past eight years has been stand-in President. He sent his son Ramfis, the onetime tabloid-headline playmate of Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor, off to Geneva to "advise" the Dominican delegation to a trade conference. He bounced two lesser Trujillos from high government jobs. And he named himself chief Dominican delegate to the United Nations.

In as President the dictator put a long-time henchman, Joaquín Balaguer, 53, lawyer, diplomat and lately Vice President. With his customary rich sense of irony, Trujillo then paid an official call on Balaguer, which featured a 21-gun salute for Trujillo. But Balaguer's acceptance speech to Congress contained an enigmatic reference to the fact that "a regime now 30 years old . . . cannot disappear overnight."

Rafael Leonidas Trujillo's retreat, by taking him out of stage center, left him less vulnerable to the growing pressures against him. They are: certain censure at the midmonth meeting of the Organization of American States for his attempted assassination of Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt. Washington's feeling that he is an embarrassing anachronism, disapproval from the Roman Catholic Church and opposition from the formerly tame middle and upper classes. If necessary, he can retreat further to the safety of the U.N. corridors in Manhattan. If at that point prudence indicates that the chief Dominican Republic delegate better not go back home, he will have got out alive, safe and rich.



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PEOPLE

Thailand's ex-Premier P. **Pibulsonggram**, 63, one-time dictatorial Thai field marshal who was booted from power in 1957, was ordained as a Buddhist monk in Bodh Gaya, India. Father of six grown children, Pibulsongram took an oath of celibacy before a golden image of Buddha. In keeping with Buddhist doctrine, he was not required to divorce his devoted wife, Mme. La-iad, a renowned feminist.

The Chicago *Sun-Times'* wandering Newshen Glenna Syse spent 39 minutes with Author **James Thurber**, left with the conviction that he is "the funniest man alive." In an epigrammatic mood Thurber ranged free and easy over—by count—39 subjects. Glenna's sampling included a Thurberism on age: "I'm 65 and I guess that puts me in the geriatrics. But if there were 15 months in every year, I'd only be 48." That's the trouble with us. We number everything. Take women, for example. I think they deserve to have more than twelve years between the ages of 28 and 40." On the forthcoming election: "It's accusation time in Normandy. And in spite of the nominations, my mother is voting for Lindbergh." On martinis: "One is all right, two is too many, three is not enough."

Indonesia's President **Sukarno** worked his face up into a "say prunes" expression as a Soviet gift-bearer pinned a Lenin Peace Medal on him. The ruble equivalent of the prize: \$35,000. As Sukarno saw it, the honor was fitting recognition of his overflowing "love for humanity."

"I don't object to nudity," explained Musicomediene **Carol Channing**. But after watching an undraped contingent of Folies-Bergere dolls at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas, Carol asked out of her \$100,000-a-year contract with the Tropi-

^a Had arithmetic. Thurber would be 42.



DULLES TAKING EASE WITH LADY BIRD JOHNSON
But how can you get worried?

UPI

cana that called for an eight-week appearance this year and next. The nudes were "just wonderful," she insisted. "The trouble is, if I were to work in the same show—as the management wanted—I would just flop. There's no sympathy in the Folies. I can't get laughs until an audience is with me, and I can't get them with me if they have their minds on nude girls."

It was all settled: Heavyweight Boxing Champion **Floyd Patterson** would fight Swedish Challenger Ingemar Johansson in a third bout for the title. Date: Nov. 1. Place: Los Angeles. But last week, the man who counts most threw a haymaker at the plan. Said Champion Patterson: "I might fight Johansson before Nov. 1 or after Nov. 1, but I'll not fight him on Nov. 1." Why was he so sore? Well, for one thing, Patterson first heard the news from a gas station attendant, who heard it on the radio. Then there were the promoters. Feature Sports, Inc. and their counsel, Lawyer Roy Cohn, 33, who has come a long way from the Cohn and Schine days with the late Senator Joe McCarthy. Declared Patterson: "Cohn thinks I'm an insolent, dumb backwoodsman. Before the last fight, my lawyer asked Cohn if I shouldn't see the fight contract. And Cohn said, 'Floyd? Can he read?'"

Eighteen years after he designed the WAVES' uniforms for the U.S. Navy, Chicago-born Couturier **Mainbocher**, a youthful 69, got a formal token of appreciation from the ladies he clad so smartly. In Dallas, he was given the Navy's Meritorious Public Service Citation—the Navy's second highest civilian award and the first ever to go to a fashion designer. Said Mainbocher (real name: Main Rousseau Bocher): "It was not an easy assignment. One problem I did not have—color. It had to be Navy blue."

Journeying to Hyannisport, Mass., some weeks ago, the Central Intelligence Agency's hearty Director **Allen W. Dulles** briefed Democratic Candidate Jack Ken-

nedy on the dark doings behind the Iron Curtain and elsewhere, as instructed by President Eisenhower. One Kennedy man was moved to mutter: "He keeps giving all this terrible information. But how can you get worried? There's Allen with his tennis racket in his bag." Last week the man who knows more hair-curling secrets about the Russians than any other U.S. citizen traveled to Texas to brief Lyndon Baines Johnson. No tennis. But there was Allen relaxing in a lawn chair, chatting pleasantly with Johnson's wife Lady Bird, and meditatively puffing his pipe, looking on top of the whole spy-covered world.

Groping for a new-angle tourist attraction, the Calabrian mountain resort of Villaggio Mancuso three years ago hit upon an "Oscars of Two Worlds" theme whooped it up as an affair honoring two disparate callings of folks—actors and scientists. But there was chaos at the village's annual ceremonies last week when the twain met. Appearing in a low-cut gown, Cinematress **Sophia Loren** was grabbed by fans, who tried to hoist her



SUKARNO GETTING PRIZE
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LOREN ESCAPING ADMIRERS
For bridging the twain.

on their shoulders, was rescued kicking and bellowing by the cops. In the confusion, the Oscar for medicine went to Sophia, and a West German medical researcher, Professor Johannes Kellin, who should have got it, got a beauty prize instead.

To 293 Americans, living and dead who helped Japan advance from feudalism to democracy in the past century, went a special commendation from a committee of 14 Japanese business and political leaders. Among those honored (they or their survivors got a certificate of appreciation and a lacquer picture of the first Japanese ship to visit the U.S.) Commodore **Matthew Perry**, who opened up the country to the world; President **Ulysses S. Grant**, who aided Emperor Meiji's modernization program; **John Foster Dulles**, who negotiated the Japanese peace treaty; Architect **Frank Lloyd Wright**, who built Tokyo's quakeproof Imperial Hotel; General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**; Mrs. **Elizabeth Vining**, ex-tutor of Crown Prince Akihito; and three Rockefellers, the late Philanthropists **John D. Sr.** and **John D. Jr.**, and **John D. Rockefeller III**, head of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Britain's Marathon Walker **Barbara Moore**, 56, a vegetarian dietitian who is staying in shape in order to bear a child when she is 100, followed her transcontinental U.S. hike with a 400-mile stroll in Australia and casually announced plans for another union-building exercise: she will now walk around the world. But this time, said Dr. Moore rather wistfully, she will make sure that no young whipper-snappers like those British Army sergeants in the U.S. will be around to crab the act. She will announce no future routes until 24 hours before starting. "I will not say where I will walk. If I do, someone will try to get ahead of me."

After less than a month on the job, Butler **Thomas Cronin** gave notice to his employers, Britain's Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, took his leave of Kensington Palace with seven suitcases, two trunks, several brown paper parcels and his favorite armchair. The princess was "more than charming," allowed Cronin, a steel-grey 44, but Tony was somewhat less ideally cast. He and his butler had "differences of opinion, a clash of personalities," said Cronin sadly. The master had a habit of summoning him by vulgarly snapping his fingers, insisted that he be called "sir," as he didn't like to be called "Mr. Jones." Unkindest of all, said Cronin, Tony had taken over his job: "I was not allowed to employ my staff. I didn't pay them their wages, and many other matters were not left in my hands as they should have been." Recalling his salad days as butler to U.S. Ambassador John Hay Whitney, Cronin wistfully pointed out that there he had supervised 37 embassy servants. "That," said he primly, "is the right way to run a household."

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SCIENCE

Song from the Moon

Since 1946 when U.S. scientists first bounced radar signals off the surface of the moon, the poor old man in the moon has been the target of constant electronic bombardment from earth. Last week the clear, familiar strains of *America the Beautiful*, broadcast from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Goldstone, Calif., were picked up three seconds later in Holmdel, N.J., after a 300,000-mile round trip to the moon. The dramatic experiment was staged by Bell Telephone Laboratories to demonstrate new equipment with which Bell hopes to bounce signals on a string of "passive" gyroscopic satellites. Launched by rocket, these inflatable spheres would circle the earth at a 3,000-mile altitude, serve as microwave relay stations for intercontinental radio, telephone and television signals.

Long Way from Home

Wandering through a Florida meadow in the spring of 1952, amateur Birdwatcher Richard Borden spotted a curious sight: among a grazing herd of cattle was a flock of yellow-legged, short-necked white herons, darting between the cows' legs, snaring grasshoppers flushed up from the pasture. Borden casually shot a series of pictures, mistaking the birds for snowy egrets, a common Florida species. Months later, Borden discovered he had the first pictures ever taken of a new U.S. immigrant: the Old World's buff-buckled, yellow-billed cattle egret (*Bubulcus ibis*).

The egrets' migration to the Western Hemisphere is one of today's most fascinating ornithological puzzles. Never had a land bird migrated 2,000 miles across the ocean from Africa and settled successfully on the other side. The cattle egret is a

strong flyer (30 m.p.h.) and a notorious wanderer. But most of its earlier nomadism had been confined to Africa and Europe, where it has been spotted among herds of cattle all the way from the British Isles to the Cape of Good Hope.

At first, ornithologists speculated that the birds had hitched a free passage on cattle boats to South America. Now the prevailing theory is that sometime around the turn of the century—when they were first sighted in the Guianas—a single flock of the birds, migrating from Senegal northward, was trapped in an easterly gale, blown off course clear across the Atlantic to the South American coast. The few hardy survivors nested, reproduced and moved north to the U.S. about 1941 in ever increasing numbers.

In its new environment, the cattle egret has flourished surprisingly well. Flocks of 200 to 300 can be seen in Puerto Rico; the bird is common in Haiti. Florida is experiencing an egret explosion: two years ago, Florida's cattle egret population was 5,000; today it exceeds 15,000, and the sociable birds have been spotted in every state along the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. One wanderer, apparently lost, flew aboard a ship 200 miles off the coast of Newfoundland; another was shot by a farmer near Portland, Me., who complained it was upsetting his chickens. In the mud-and-mangroves Everglades National Park, where there are no cattle, the wily egrets trail tourists' cars, trapping insects stirred up by the moving tires.

Dimmest Dwarf

Colleagues sometimes tease Astronomer Willem J. Luyten of the University of Minnesota by calling him a "stellar magician" because of his passionate interest in dying stars. Luyten does not mind the

ribbing; the faint pinpoints of light that he studies are the end products of stellar evolution and hold many secrets of the universe. Recently, Astronomer Luyten found the dimmest star yet: a minuscule "white dwarf" that emits 20,000 times less light than the sun, yet probably contains an equal or greater mass. "This one," he says, "looks to be at the end of the line."

The Companion. The first white dwarf was found when mid-19th century astronomers noticed that Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, wobbles slightly, and theorized that it revolves around another star too close and dim to be seen separately. Later astronomers, using more sophisticated telescopes to eliminate the glare, finally picked out the other star nestled close to Sirius, and gradually accumulated some surprising information about it.

Studying the Companion's orbit around Sirius, they proved that its mass is 96% of the sun's, yet it gives 400 times less light. At first they thought that it was an average, sun-sized star that gives less light because of low temperature. But by 1915 astronomers were able to prove that its surface is really hotter than the sun's and gives three times as much light per square inch. If a star's surface is bright but the star as a whole gives off little light, then the only possible conclusion is that the star must be small. The Companion turned out to be only about 25,000 miles in diameter, and into this comparatively modest volume the star's whole sunlike mass had to be crammed. The astronomers' amazing conclusion: the Companion of Sirius is made of material that weighs 2,000 lbs. per cubic inch.

Degenerate Matter. Though seemingly incredible, these figures for the Companion have withstood all attacks, and astronomers, particularly Dr. Luyten, since found many white dwarfs even smaller and denser. The current theory is that they are stars that have burned nearly all their hydrogen, turning it by nuclear fusion into helium and heavier elements. With the hydrogen gone, the star contracts. As its mass concentrates into a smaller volume, its gravitational field increases in power, eventually growing strong enough to compress the material near the star's center into "degenerate" matter whose electrons and nuclei have been pushed close together.

Dr. Luyten does not know definitely the size or mass of his latest white dwarf, but he believes that it weighs at least ten tons, or 20,000 lbs., per cubic inch. It could conceivably weigh as much as 1,000 tons per cubic inch, in which case a chunk of star no bigger than a grapefruit would weigh more than the 84,000-ton Queen Elizabeth.

The ultimate fate of a white dwarf says Dr. Luyten, is to grow slowly dimmer and smaller. After billions of years, its light will change from white to yellow then to red. Eventually it will die, and the product will be a black dwarf: a cold sphere of degenerate matter weighing as much as the sun, but smaller than most planets and giving no light at all.



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MEDICINE

Cancer & Cigarettes

Can heavy cigarette smoking cause lung cancer? If so, are cigarette manufacturers liable for damages? In U.S. District Court in Miami last week, these questions went to a jury for the first time. The upshot: a Solomon's verdict in which both sides could claim victory.

Miami Contractor Edwin Montholeum Green began to cough up blood around Christmas 1955. On Feb. 1, 1956, he was diagnosed as having lung cancer, too far advanced to be removed by surgery. Green died early in 1958, soon after he had given a deposition to Lawrence V. Hastings, a physician and attorney.

Said Green: he had smoked Lucky Strikes for 25 to 30 years, usually two packs a day, but sometimes up to three packs. On suits against the American Tobacco Co. by Green's estate and his widow Mary, totaling \$1,500,000, Judge Emett C. Choate charged the jury to answer a series of dependent questions:

1) Did Green have cancer originating in his left lung? The jurors' answer was yes. 2) Was this cancer the cause or one of the causes of his death? Yes again. 3) Was the smoking of Lucky Strikes a proximate, or one of the proximate, causes of the cancer? A third yes. 4) Could the American Tobacco Co., on or before Feb. 1, 1956, "by the reasonable application of human skill and foresight, have known that users of Lucky Strike cigarettes, such as Green, would be endangered . . . of contracting cancer of the lung?"

The jury concluded that the issue was still moot at the time, so it answered no. Result: Green's widow and estate were not entitled to damages.

In Esther's Name

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

—*Jeremiah 8:22*

Baltimore-born Spinster Henrietta Szold, at 49, was heartbroken because a romance with a rabbinical scholar had come to an end. As balm, her mother suggested a trip to Gilead. What Zionist Szold saw in Palestine under Turkish rule in 1909 made her personal troubles seem trivial. In Jerusalem's Old City, she saw a child's trachoma-dimmed eyes covered with flies, and when she asked the mother why the flies were not brushed away, she was told: "They will only return."

On her way home, Henrietta Szold wondered whether the flies must always return, whether trachoma need be as prevalent as the common cold, whether men and women must forever be debilitated by malnutrition and malaria. To her, the answer lay in Jeremiah's second question. In Jerusalem there were only twelve doctors; in all Palestine only 45. On the Feast of Purim in February 1912, Henrietta Szold rallied U.S. women Zionists into

an organization she called Hadassah (original Hebrew name for Queen Esther), made the betterment of Palestine's health its prime goal.

Plague after Plague. Last week 254 physicians, 514 nurses and 1,352 other staff members of the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center poured out of Jerusalem to the nearby village of Ein Karim, reputed birthplace of John the Baptist, to dedicate a \$31 million building. U.S. Ambassador Ogden R. Reid, who has been learning the language, gave a slow, well-enunciated greeting in Hebrew. And everyone agreed, on the centenary of



HENRIETTA SZOLD (1860-1945)
She answered Jeremiah.

Henrietta Szold's birth, that medicine has come a long way in Israel.

The first Hadassah nurses sent to Palestine had rough going under the Turks who regarded them as missionaries. In World War I Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis urged Hadassah to send a full medical unit to the war-torn land. In the summer of 1918 the unit found Jerusalem's population down from 50,000 to 26,000; men, women and children half naked and only half alive, fought in the streets for scraps of garbage. Plague followed plague: malaria, typhus, influenza, cholera, dysentery, and the dread Black Death itself. Sent to Tiberias by British General Allenby, a Hadassah team found cholera rampant; the townspeople were using Sea of Galilee water to cook with, to swim in, and to bathe their dead.

Cooking Up Words. Because she was a pacifist, Henrietta Szold herself at first could not get into British-mandated Palestine. She at last persuaded Viscount

Samuel, the newly named High Commissioner, to use his influence. Once in, she stayed there most of her remaining 25 years, and proved herself an organization dynamo. In the years from 1922 through 1931, Hadassah's volunteer medical services spent more money (\$445,000 to \$655,000 a year) than the mandate government's Health Department. They opened scores of hospitals, clinics and mother-and-child welfare stations.

By the time the state of Israel was born in 1948, the infant death rate, which had been 140 per 1,000 in 1918, was down to Western-world normal of 20. Trachoma among schoolchildren was down from 34% to 4.4%, ringworm from 40% to 1%.

In 1939 Hadassah moved to a new medical center on Mount Scopus. There, for a time, Arab royalty from Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia got modern medical treatment unavailable in their homelands. But the 1948-49 war left Mount Scopus a no man's land, and the medical center sits empty. The new hospital at Ein Karim, designed by Austrian-born Architect Joseph Neufeld, is needed to replace it. To save nurses' steps, the main patient building is semicircular. Two of its nine floors are underground, in case Ein Karim too becomes a battleground. For its synagogue Marc Chagall has designed \$120,000 stained-glass windows, to represent each of the Twelve Tribes.

The women of Hadassah have by now raised a total of almost \$200 million, two-thirds of which has gone for medical services. Israel has 4,700 physicians—the world's highest doctor-patient ratio—and a fine school for training new ones.

Imaginary Poverty

For most of the world's poor, poverty is real, and so omnipresent that they can think of nothing else. But there are also a few oddballs around who suffer from "imaginary poverty." Dr. Archibald Beatson observes in the *British Medical Journal*, theirs is a true psychosis, says the Worthing (Sussex) physician, because it includes two delusions: 1) that they cannot afford necessities, when in fact they have plenty of money for luxuries, and 2) that "life on earth will continue indefinitely," so they must not touch their capital "for fear of compromising the security of this interminable future."

This emotional disorder, Dr. Beatson notes, becomes commoner with advancing age. Almost uniformly, victims have no hesitation in spending heavily for costly coats and dresses, new home furnishings and holidays abroad. But they hate to spend a penny for underclothes, bed linens, help in the house, nourishing food—or a doctor's services.

Dr. Beatson cited two cases. A man worth more than \$10,000 boasted of laying out \$1,120 for a cruise ticket but balked at paying 14¢ for cholera vaccination. A woman with \$55,000 was disconsolate because Dr. Beatson would not prescribe toilet paper for her so that it could be paid for by Britain's National Health Service. Concludes Dr. Beatson: "I know of no treatment for this illness."

THE PRESS

Children in Power

When Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, the Caribbean's No. 1 nihilist, recently invited France's No. 1 existentialist, Playwright Jean-Paul Sartre, down for a look-see, Sartre was only too happy to go. The brefet of observations he brought back made strange reading in Paris's big (circ. 1,400,000) dead-center daily, *France-Soir*. Observed Sartre, trying hard to be friendly: "The revolution is irreversible. The truth is that there can be no Left or Right today; the revolution, through the unity of its practical action, is perforce



Novelist Sagan in Cuba
Aimez-vous Cuba?

its own Right and its own Left." If a few mistakes have been made, blame it on youth. "The greatest scandal of the Cuban revolution is not the expropriation of the planters, but the accession to power of children. Since a revolution was necessary circumstances bade the children accomplish it. Touring the islands. I have met date I say it, my sons. No one is totally qualified in Cuba to do what he does. But nobody worries, because qualification comes with success, disqualification with failure."

Sartre also discovered that one of Cuba's primary passions was shame: shame at the way the Yankee tourists, spending all those dollars, had treated Cuba like a dance-hall girl—"and shame, as Marx pointed out, is a revolutionary sentiment." The beards must win, concluded Sartre, and their shrewdest strategy is in making the U.S. the villain: "If the United States did not exist, perhaps the Cuban revolution would invent it; for it is the United States which conserves the freshness and originality of the revolution."

Not to be outdone, Paris' weekly *L'Express* commissioned one of France's rank-

ing Left Bankniks for similar duty. It sent 25-year-old Françoise Sagan, collector of adult bedtime stories (*Bonjour Tristesse*, *A Certain Smile*), off to Cuba in low-heeled shoes. Her considered opinion: Cuba—smooths. In her first installment, published last week, she took weary note of the countryside from the train bearing her to a camp rally in the Sierra Maestra mountains. Castro perked her interest a bit. He was "strong, smiling." But after the briefest of stays, Author Sagan left Havana, confided to a friend: "Cuba was dull. I couldn't wait to get out."

The Helpful Press

Chicago, which has swallowed as much violence without blinking as any other big city, draws the line at child murder. Ever since Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold murdered 14-year-old Bobby Franks for the fun of it back in 1924, Chicago newspapers greet any child murderer with a special kind of front-page fury. It sells papers, and, in the view of editors, may also help to keep crime investigators on their toes. Last week Chicago's newspapers had another chance to show the process at work.

The body of a five-year-old girl was found strangled in a weed patch near suburban Wheeling. The story was front-page news in all four Chicago papers, as it would be in most cities; but in Chicago, for days afterward, the story shoved aside everything else.

Soon the reporters swarming over the story were exceeding the investigators in zeal. Two days after the child's body was found, the Cook County sheriff's office took a 13-year-old boy out to the scene of the crime. He had broken out of a detention home on the day of the murder and had been caught several hours later.

The police apparently did not consider the boy a hot suspect, but the press did. Next day, the *Chicago Tribune* ran a staff artist's drawing of a youth, based on descriptions furnished by friends of the little girl, who had seen the youth talking to her just before she disappeared. The portrait was a remarkable likeness of the 13-year-old boy the police were holding. Over at the *Daily News*, Reporter Jack Lavin, 30, wangled an interview with the boy and shot an abrupt question at him: "Why did you kill that girl?" According to Lavin, the boy answered: "What will happen if I tell you I killed her?"

OUR REPORTERS SET STAGE FOR SOLUTION, bragged the *Daily News*. The *Tribune*, with equal modesty, credited breaking the case to its staff artist. It was all in the best *Front Page* tradition.

Little Blue Books

One winter's day in Philadelphia 36 years ago, 15-year-old Emanuel Julius invested a dime in a paperback edition of Oscar Wilde's *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. It was, as it turned out, the wisest investment of his life. As Julius recalls in *The World of Haldeman-Julius*, an anthology

of his writings published last week (Twayne Publishers of New York; 288 pp.; \$4). Wilde's poem did something to him. "Never did I so much as notice that my hands were blue, that my wet nose was numb, and that my ears felt hard as glass. I thought, at the moment, how wonderful it would be if thousands of such booklets could be made available."

In time it was not thousands but millions. During his lifetime, Emanuel Julius—or Haldeman-Julius, the hyphenation he assumed after marrying Anna Margaret Haldeman—sold more than 300 million copies of his Little Blue Books, mostly for a nickel apiece, in one of the most successful mail-order businesses ever conceived.

The Cerulean Stream. To many readers a generation ago, the publishing capital of the U.S. was the tiny southeast Kansas town of Girard (pop. 2,500) whence Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books issued in a smudgy, cerulean stream that sometimes reached 65,000 a day. In newspaper ads from coast to coast he ran his enticing list of titles—eventually more than 2,000—and invited readers to clip the coupons. Among those who did were the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who took a supply to the South Pole, and a Texas oilman who bought 14 packages of 700 books each (total cost, \$486.50) to ensure his grandchildren a rounded education.

These and millions of other readers were lured not only by the biggest little bargain in publishing—a Little Blue Book measured 3 3/4 in. by 5 in., contained anywhere from 32 to 128 pages—but by a catalogue as racy as it was comprehensive. Haldeman-Julius gathered his titles largely from the public and the public domain combining sex with the classics, self-improvement with sex—all mailed in plain wrappers. Over 40 years, Little Blue Book



HALDEMAN-JULIUS
Champagne in Kansas.

editions of 20 Shakespearean plays sold 5,500,000 copies—but one sex-instruction pamphlet alone, *What Married Women Should Know*,[®] produced a total sale of 750,000.

When a book sold less than 10,000 copies a year, Haldeman-Julius often revived it by giving it a more provocative title. After *Fleeces of Gold*, the Gautier story, was retitled *The Quest for a Blonde Mistress*, the market rose from 6,000 copies to 50,000 a year. Haldeman-Julius hired a stable of writers to grind out popular themes; by far the most prolific was an apostate priest in London, Joseph McCabe, who wrote on anything, and eventually produced more than 7,500,000 words at the rate of 10,000 a week.

Capitalist by Accident. The millionaire proprietor of this Midwest publishing empire never intended to be a capitalist. Son of an immigrant Russian-Jewish bookbinder, Emanuel Julius left school with a grammar-school education, drifted around in the free-thinking Socialist currents of his time. He tried reporting for Socialist newspapers in Milwaukee and New York in 1915 went out to Girard, Kans., to help resuscitate *Appeal to Reason*, a moribund Socialist periodical. After marrying Margaret Haldeman, a Girard banker's daughter, he borrowed \$250,000 from her to buy the paper.

Haldeman-Julius changed the name twice and personally pumped 70,000 words a month into the paper. Although he kept it limping along for years, Haldeman-Julius had long since fallen into prosperity as a publisher. One day in 1919, on a whim, he printed several thousand pamphlet copies of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, followed that up with Wilde's *Gao!* They were Nos. 1 and 2 of the Little Blue Books.

Success confused Haldeman-Julius as much as it gratified him. He built a swimming pool on the Girard farm, drank champagne—and went around in his stocking feet. A confirmed agnostic, he commissioned anti-Catholic tracts; but they only got him into trouble; a would-be author, he wrote several dozen Little Blue Books himself, but they were failures. He made millions; but when he died in 1951—by drowning in his pool—he was out on bond under a six-month jail sentence for income tax evasion.

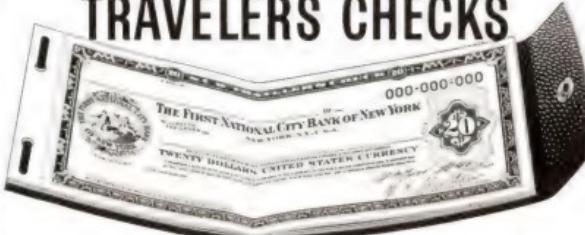
After his death, Blue Book sales dwindled. Of late they have shown signs of reviving in the hands of Henry J. Haldeman, 40, Haldeman-Julius' son, who, after taking control in 1954, added new titles: *Your Sex Life After 50*, *Rupture and Hernia*, *Eat and Get Skinny*—with spicy illustrations on the covers. Such improvements boosted sales last year to some 2,000,000 copies at 10¢ each—a figure that, in Henry Haldeman's view, barely scratches the surface. His father would have thought so too.

© Top-seller in a popular category that included *What Married Men Should Know*, *What Every Young Man Should Know*, *What Every Young Woman Should Know*, *What Every Girl Should Know*, *What Every Boy Should Know*, *What Women Past Forty Should Know*.



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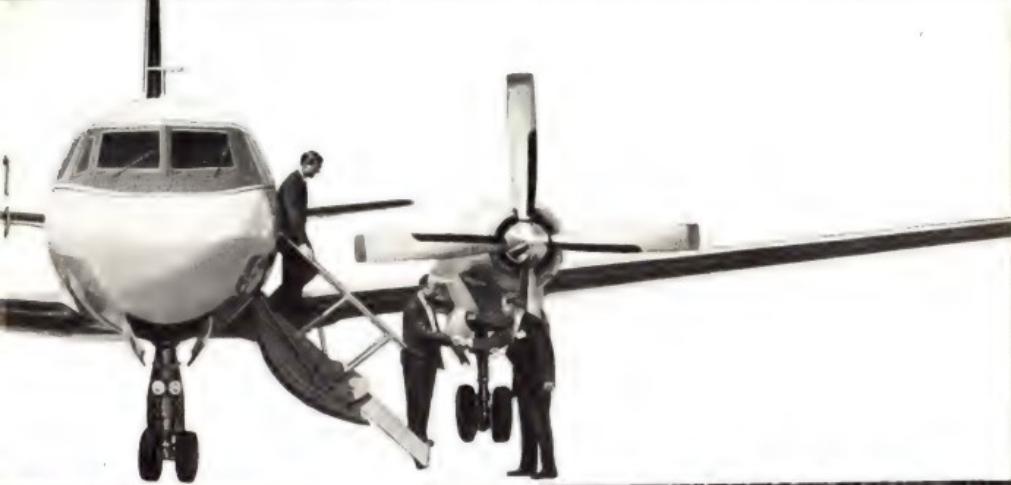
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SHOW BUSINESS

COMEDIANS

The Third Campaign

(See Cover)

The citizen has certain misgivings. "Politics aside," he wonders, "is Richard Nixon worth \$100,000 a year? I admit his chances look pretty good, but what about ours?" Waging a sort of personal third campaign, he has a captious eye on Hyannisport as well: "The choice is between the lesser of two evils, anyway," he says. "Some people claim Nixon is trying to sell the country, and Kennedy is trying to buy it. At the Los Angeles convention I

nightclub circuit that includes San Francisco's hungry i, Chicago's Mister Kelly's, Manhattan's Basin Street East: he is carefully monitored by fellow comedians and politicians; and his Los Angeles TV shows during the Democratic Convention made him the most entertaining voice within reach of a microphone. This fall, new territory will be opened up by Sahl when he launches a national tour, with the Limeliters providing a folk-song counterpoint to his humor.

Revolt Against Pomposity. In the view of his followers, Mort Sahl represents a new and growing feeling, described rather

ularly when Sahl is in Chicago. Says Adlai: "I dote on him." Sahl contributed a joke bank that John Kennedy drew on for his witty performance at last November's Al Smith Dinner, once discouraged a Nixon worker who approached him for a similar purpose. As for President Eisenhower, he has never heard of Mort Sahl—possibly because the comedian refers to Press Secretary Jim Hagerty as "Ike's right foot."

But Sahl is no court jester to the Democrats: he often wounds Democrats and often amuses many Republicans (among them: Herb Brownell); he picks off any and all targets in what Kennedy last week called "his relentless pursuit of everybody."

The Heavy Steel. As a topical satirist Sahl has relatively few U.S. models to draw on. Stunted by frequent periods of political apathy on the one hand and by a chronic, expanding-frontier optimism on the other, political satire has never particularly thrived in the U.S., with some notable exceptions.

In colonial America, Thomas Morton had the undiluted courage to hate Puritans and say so, calling little Miles Standish "Captain Shrimp." Between Thomas Morton and Morton Sahl, most political satirists shielded themselves with pseudonyms and fought with fairly heavy steel. Charles Farrar Browne, city editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, set himself up in mid-19th century as the cracker-box philosopher Artemus Ward, announced that the D.C. after Washington stood for "Despot Cusses," and advised President Lincoln to fill his Cabinet with show-business types since they would know how to cater to the public. Mark Twain was often deserted by his light touch when he contemplated politicos, though he contributed a pair of memorable definitions: a Senator is someone who "makes laws in Washington when not doing time"; and "public office is private graft."

Finley Peter Dunne, whose Mr. Dooley is the altite choice of many political connoisseurs, swaddled his man in an Irish dialect that magically permitted him to speak his mind. He once called John D. Rockefeller "a kind iv society fr th' prevention iv crookery to money," and had a skill at reworking slogans that has turned up again in Sahl. "Hands across th' sea and into someone's pocket," said Dooley, Sahl rallied for Ike with the line: "He kept us out of Mars."

Will Rogers, the country-boy conscience of the '20s and early '30s, who insisted that "there is no credit in being a comedian when you have the whole government working for you," could be biting, but most of the time he was jovially rustic where Sahl is urban and hip. Rogers was lovable, and even his fans do not claim that quality for Sahl. But in his own way, Sahl has taken his place on the center line of the Ward-Dooley-Rogers tradition. The Depression and war years produced only minor political satire. Among comedians, Bob Hope

who still typifies the older, machine-made and essentially safe political joke—might crack about Eleanor Roosevelt's



MORT SAHL AT MISTER KELLY'S
"Is there any group I haven't offended?"

had a hunch about how things were going right from the start, when the minister delivered the invocation and said, "A little child shall lead them." You know, Kennedy had to have Lyndon Johnson on the ticket with him because he can't get into Washington without an adult. And Nixon picked Lodge because conservative Republicans approve of anyone getting out of the United Nations. Right? Right?

"Right!" echoes an almost fanatical following—dedicated fans who are sure that by Election Day Comedian Mort Sahl will have reduced the major candidates to little more than a 5 o'clock shadow and a few odd wisps of singed hair. Often introduced in nightclubs as "the next President of the United States," Sahl is unlikely this year to achieve his stated ambition to overthrow the Government. That will take time. His audience is still narrow and his appeal is anything but universal. But he is the freshest comedian around; he is a permanent and popular attraction in a

breathtakingly by Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as "a mounting restlessness and discontent, an impatience with clichés and platitudes, a resentment against the materialist notion that affluence is the answer to everything, a contempt for banality and corn—in short, a revolt against pomposity. Sahl's popularity is a sign of a yearning for youth, irreverence, trenchancy, satire, a clean break with the past."

At 33, Mort Sahl is young, irreverent and trenchant. With one eye on world news and the other on *Variety*, he is a volatile mixture of show business and politics, of exhibitionistic self-dedication and a seemingly sincere passion to change the world. The best of the New Comedians, he is also the first notable American political satirist since Will Rogers.

"Whenever there is a political blot Mort sticks a pin in it," says Hubert Humphrey. Among his constituents Sahl counts Adlai Stevenson, who sees him reg-



SAHL & TOP DEMOCRATS AT PRE-CONVENTION BANQUET IN LOS ANGELES*

You shouldn't send a kid up on a plank like that.

never staying home: Fred Allen liked to say that Tom Dewey seemed to be eating a Hershey bar sideways. But satire on the whole was caught between social protest and safe, sponsor-tested lampoons. With Mort Sahl, political satire has come alive again.

Verbal Mobiles. Says Sahl mockingly: "I'm the intellectual voice of the era—which is a good measure of the era." It may well be. Bright and nervous, frenetic full of quick smiles and dark moods shouting "Onward, onward" between laughs, performing in a cashmere sweater always tieless, he manages to suggest barbecue pits on the brink of doom:

Holding a rolled newspaper in his right hand, flashing baby-blue eyes and a wolfish grin, he states his theme and takes off like a jazz musician on a flight of improvisation—or seeming improvisation. He does not tell jokes one by one, but carefully builds deceptively miscellaneous structures of jokes that are like verbal mobiles. He begins with the spine of a subject, then hooks thought onto thought, joke onto dangling joke, many of them totally unrelated to the main theme, till the whole structure spins but somehow balances. All the time he is building toward a final statement, which is too much part of the whole to be called a punch line, but puts that particular theme away forever.

The USSR was still smoldering in Sverdlovsk last spring when Mort Sahl began smoldering in Los Angeles. Building toward the big one, he waved the *Examiner* chopily, noted that Khrushchev had threatened war. "Then he modulated it," he said. "There will be no war for six to eight months. R.S.V.P." Still, K. always had the initiative, and Washington was just sitting around like a neglected girl with Herter fretting: "Has he called today?" Returning to Pilot Francis Powers' possible fate ("They'll let him go to please the French"), Sahl again skirted off the subject to note that some religious groups believe in capital punishment—"even though they made a very large mistake once."

Dozens of similar cracks, far and near to the downed plane some made up on the spot others refashioned from earlier monologues, clustered about the main stem before Sahl decided the time had come. Nathan Hale, he said, regretted that he had only one life to lose for his country. But Powers, ignoring that suicide needle merely said: "This shatters all my

Counterpoint to Laughter. When Little Rock entered the news, Sahl approached the theme from various byways, one of which was his fondness for sniping at the President: a critic had said that if the President were really a man, he would take a little colored girl by the hand and lead her through that line of bigots into the high school. "That's easy to say if you are not involved," said Sahl, fingerling the trigger. "But if you are in the Admini-

stration, you have a lot of problems of policy, like whether or not to use an overlapping grip." Wild laughter always greeted that one, but with a nod and a nervous chuckle, and a characteristic "It's true, it's true," he would slide off into a skein of digressions, usually with an aside for interested conservatives, telling them that they could get the *Chicago Tribune* anywhere in the U.S., "flown in, packed in ice." Following Stevenson in Africa, he reported that the natives were suspicious of Adlai's quick smile and thought he lacked warmth. Then, circling back toward Arkansas, he would press on to the famous line that put Little Rock into permanent and absolute focus: "I like Orval Faubus," he admitted, "but I wouldn't want him to marry my sister."

Talking jumplily and a little like a phonograph record running too fast, he sprays his monologues with far-out terms such as chick, drag gasser, cool it, bug dig, weird-o and all that jazz. He also mixes in a never-ending supply of phrases parodying academic jargon ("We must learn to differentiate between generic and relative terms"). Between jokes, he draws on a fat little glossary of verbal ratiots that counterpoint the laughter, indicate his attitude to the material. Wild, hub? he will say, standing in the ruins of his most recent target, or "You can't go too far, fellas," or "Is there any group I haven't offended yet?"

Crazing Crates. Sahl works out every line himself, although he rarely writes anything down, and in collecting material buys newspapers and magazines by the long ton. Skimming, dipping, darting from headline to picture caption, he reacts like a pellet of pure sodium dropped in a glass of water, always has some fresh material for each new audience. There is usually some wild variation of the news, and a routine remark at a presidential press conference might come out as a caricature of the sort of bromide Sahl thinks the



BOB HOPE & FRIEND
He's worth \$100,000 a year?

* From left: Thomas Finletter, Robert Street Symington, Jack Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Paul Butler.



SAHL'S PARENTS
"It's all fixed."

Harry Red

Administration is forever administering. "The President says the Russians are terrified of the Turkish cavalry."

While politics is always the trunk line, his humor ranges everywhere. Crazes craze him. His masterpiece on hi-fi ends with a family living in their garage and using the house as a speaker. When he read that people were daubing themselves with instant skin tan, he moaned: "If you can't believe in the sun, what can you believe in?" Psychoanalytic clichés are seldom spared. Once, says Sahl, a bank robber slipped the teller a note saying: "Give me your money and act normal." The teller replied: "First you must define your terms. After all, what is normal?"

Some of Sahl's jokes are rather rarefied. Once he began talking about a fellow in a statistical analysis course who would never use sigma but preferred his own initials instead. When someone laughed Sahl looked up in surprise and said: "If you understand that joke, you don't belong here. You had better call the Government at once: you are desperately needed."

On the Trampolin. Mort Sahl often points out that he more or less ignores the facts to get at the truth, and no set of facts could be more misleading than those surrounding his birth. It occurred on May 11, 1927, in Montreal, where his father kept a tobacco shop. Although that might suggest a solid burgher background, Canadian citizenship, and perhaps a hard fall on the ice. Mort had none of these. Harry Sahl, his father, had come out of an immigrant family on New York's Lower East Side with a strong will to be a playwright. Broadway and Hollywood gave him just enough encourage-

ment to make him sure that he had the art, but his failure to make a living in his field turned him into a black cynic whose philosophy is "It's all fixed," and "They don't want anything good."

Mort's mother, on the other hand, is an intractable optimist. On this trampolin Mort was raised, an only child, soaking up skepticism and idealism, respect for creativity and contempt for show business. His father's retreat to the tobacco shop in Montreal was soon followed by a new retreat to a government clerkship in Washington, and eventually by his return to Los Angeles, this time as a clerk for the FBI. From 23 little Mort liked to stand behind the radio and shout through it his own version of the news. At eight he hung around radio stations, picked up discarded scripts from the floor or out of garbage cans, read them into a dummy microphone he had made for himself at home.

In high school, younger and thinner than most of his classmates, and usually alone, he found a haven inside an ROTC uniform, wore it every day everywhere—always with held jacket, so that no one could see from the shoulder patch that he was not a real soldier. He won a marksmanship trophy and the American Legion's Americanism Award, and he became so gung-ho that he tried to get into World War II at 16, lied about his age and spent

two weeks in uniform before his mother took him home. Noting all this, Harry Sahl began pondering a military career for Mort—a secure field one or two light-years from show business—and initiated what might have been one of the cooler footnotes to military history when he got a Congressman to agree to give Mort an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy. Mort Sahl at West Point seems roughly twice as hard to imagine as Dwight D. Eisenhower (West Point, '15) rapping out bi-nightly monologues in a case on Sunset Strip.

Poop from the Group. Long before Sahl could take the West Point exams, he could no longer take the U.S. Army. Drafted after graduation from high school, and assigned to the 93rd Air Depot Group in Alaska, Private Mort Sahl grew a beard and refused to wear a cap. He edited the post newspaper *Poop from the Group*, won 83 straight days of K.P. for his editorials discussing various types of military payola.

Discharged in 1947, Sahl went to Compton College and the University of Southern California, got his bachelor of science degree and started a master's thesis on city traffic flow in his new field, public administration (Harry was sure it would be safe). But his collision with the social sciences was even more disillusioning than his romance with the military. "I couldn't

A SAHL'S-EYE VIEW: The Unfabulous Fifties

Publication of Yalta Papers: They should come in a loose-leaf binder so you can add new betrayals as they come along.

Korea: The turncoats were steadfast. They refused to give anything except their name, rank and the exact position of their unit.

Ike's First Election: We need a man on a white horse. Well, we got the horse, but there's nobody on him.

All-Purpose Answer to Accusations by Senator McCarthy: I didn't mean to be subversive, but I was new in this community and I wanted to meet the girls.

Un-American Activities Committee: Every time the Russians throw an American in jail, the committee throws an American in jail to get even.

The AEC Lifts J. Robert Oppenheimer's Security Clearance: All right, Doctor, turn in your brain.

Folk Singers: They wear velvet shirts open to the navel. But they have no navels. This is the ultimate rejection of mother.

Robert Sarnoff Appointed Chairman of NBC: It's a great American success story. He started with native ability, and suddenly his father took a liking to him.

Neil McElroy Appointed Secretary

of Defense: A great blow to daytime radio.

Lung-Cancer Tests: There is a moral question here—whether or not mice should smoke.

Nixon in Russia: If he doesn't get along with them, he'll be in trouble, because over there he can't call anyone a Communist and hurt their career.

Missile Gap: Maybe the Russians will steal all our secrets. Then they'll be two years behind.

Cape Canaveral: Disneyland East. *Bomb Tests:* Contamination without representation.

1958 Democratic Landslide: The election wiped me out. There wasn't anything left to talk about because we have Utopia. With Byrd, Eastland and Faubus, what can go wrong?

Nelson Rockefeller: He is promising that if elected he will give the kids Little League polo.

1960 Democratic Civil Rights Plank: You shouldn't send a kid up on a plank like that.

Kennedy Entertains Mboya at Hyannisport: But will he mix with him off the job?

Kennedy Nomination: The Democratic Advisory Council sent a wire to Joseph Kennedy stating "You haven't lost a son, you've gained a country."



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COURTESY PHOTO

WILL ROGERS
Lovable but not hip.

get with it," he says. "It was Conformity City. All the organization men were swinging." With a friend, he rented an old theater, called it Theater X, wrote and staged plays (one title: *Nobody Trusted the Truth*). But mostly he kept hanging around Los Angeles nightclubs, looking for a chance to try out the comic-ironic monologues that were developing from his growing catalogue of hostilities. From 1930 to 1934 he tried to get into 30 nightclubs, earned an average of \$46 a year in his new profession, learned officially from NBC that he would never become a comedian.

Falling in love with a teen-ager named Sue Babior (she married him June 25, 1935), Sahl finally fled Los Angeles, followed her to the University of California at Berkeley, and became the academic equivalent of a ski bum. Auditing classes off and on, he drank a ton of coffee a month in all-night campus snack bars, argued art, social science and politics into the abstract hours. He slept mainly in the back seat of his moldering Chevy, and ate cold hamburgers provided by a Nietzsche-soaked friend who worked in a short-order bin. Sometimes he slept on the window seat in the apartment Sue shared with two other girls, now says he scrupulously disappeared at mealtimes to preserve his dignity. It is more likely that he was avoiding the filets of horsemeat that one of the girls regularly fingered from her job in a pet shop.

The Lower Depths. While all this seemed to be leading to the Steinbeck orchards in the Salinas valley, it was actually leading to \$300,000 a year. From the wooden microphone of his childhood to the hamburgers with Nietzschean relish,

Mort Sahl had accumulated experience, intelligence and enmity until just one more shattering blow was needed to complete his training. He got it when he disgustedly walked out of a beat-liberal campus party, picked up a tangerine on the way, and swallowed a seed—that according to Sahl—lodged in his appendix. A doctor at a Berkeley hospital referred him elsewhere when neither he nor Sue had the \$450 for an emergency operation, ran after him to demand \$10 as an examination fee. The appendix ruptured. Sahl recovered in a veterans' hospital, and the American Medical Association joined his repertory (his mildest joke about the medical world is that "the A.M.A. opposes chiropractors and witch doctors and any other cure that is quick").

Late that fall (1953) he arranged an audition before a live audience at San Francisco's lower-case, lower-depths hungry i (for intellectual). It was Sue's suggestion: "If they don't understand you," she said, "they'll label it whimsy." Onstage, Sahl began talking about the McCarthy jacket, explained that it was like the Eisenhower jacket except that it had "an extra flap to go over the mouth," added that "Senator McCarthy does not question what you say so much as he questions your right to say it." No one even smiled. Then up from the bar came a muscular laugh from Enrico Banducci, the club's proprietor, and Mort was in at \$75 a week.

The New Life. In 6½ fast years he has raised that figure to \$7,500 a week (the hungry i still gets him for a sentimental \$5,000). Hollywood has put him in two films (*All the Young Men* opens this month) on a contract under which he writes his own lines; in Jerry Wald's *In Love and War* he picked up a field telephone up front in battle, said: "Good morning. This is World War II." As for television: "I think their spoon-feeding of the American public has resulted in a corruption and an ignorance that may sink this country," says Sahl solemnly. He wants, however, to destroy all the admen and network executives who have kept him at arm's length and most of the time off the air.

With the proceeds of his fame—some \$200,000 in all—Sahl supports his now-retired parents, pays \$900 a month alimony to Sue, who divorced him in 1957 and now dates his best friend, Jazz Saxophonist Paul Desmond. Once short on toys, he can no longer make the claim: has filled his rented home in West Hollywood's hills with 14 radios, four TV sets and two hi-fi sets that blare until 4 a.m., wearing out his Stan Kenton and Dave Brubeck records. The unshaven campus rat looking for work has become a hard-working future millionaire in need of a shave: he attacks himself twice a day with one of eleven electric razors. Standing 5 ft, 10 in., weighing 150 lbs., he eats little, smokes seldom, drinks "only with chicks." On his wrist, on a single hand, are two monstrous oyster-shaped gold watches worth \$610 apiece. At one time he had 40 watches. A friend, visiting him one day, picked up a



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SHELLEY BERMAN

magazine and out sell a \$100 chronometer.

Sahl still spends much of his life in motor cars (he owns three); once a friend borrowed his Lincoln and found in it a huge pile of magazines, dirty laundry and \$8,000 in cash. He dates beautiful women sporadically (Actress Nancy Olsen, Haya Hayaret), has almost outgrown the starlet stage and has outlived a two-year romance with Actress Phyllis Kirk. Sometimes he prefers the company of carhops and waitresses ("Yes, I've worked that beat, too"). With an independent grin he says: "I feel if you have enough of these healthy interests—watches, razors, automobiles—you will have no need for human relationships at all."

The New Comedians. The biggest symbol of Mort Sahl's success, bigger than the salary, the cars, the watches, is the fact that he is the patriarch of a new school of comedians that has grown up with him. Their material is less political, but, like Sahl, they all stay close to an essentially offbeat and imaginative style.

Far removed from the old stand-up, joke-book comedians they mostly do set pieces that are almost playlets. Using the telephone as a trademark prop, Shelley Berman prefers to find his material in the living room rather than the newspaper. Now a father talking to his daughter before her first date, he tells her that a car is a motel room on wheels; now Dr. Sprocket, child psychologist, he tells a patient's mother: "I know your little boy. His name is Oedipus." (While Sahl's four published recordings have sold only 125,000 copies, the closer-to-the-fingertips comedy of Shelley Berman has sold nearly 1,000,000 copies in three releases, a surprising figure for a "talking" record.)

More bizarre than Berman and more emotionally engaging than Sahl are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who brilliantly exaggerate sophistication until it bursts with humor. A dentist and his patient fall in love ("I knew it when I looked into

your mouth and saw you were English clear through"). In a sequence called *Bach to Bach* they are two symphonic phonies comparing sensitivities in bed ("I can never believe that Bartok died on Central Park West"). Newest of the offbeat generation is Bob Newhart, whose button-down mind opens up some odd pockets of history—Khrushchev getting a head spray to cut down the glare for television—all related in a tone so quiet and dry that the wildest caricature has the ring of truth.

If Newhart, Nichols and May are warmer personalities than Sahl, other new comedians can be cold enough to freeze the marrow, and are the real source of the term "sick comedians." Chief among them is Lenny Bruce, who whines, uses four-letter words almost as often as conjurations, talks about rape and amputees, and deserves distinction of a sort for delivering the sickest single line on record. Taking a minority view of the Leopold-Loeb case, he said: "Bobby Franks was snotty." In a class by himself is Jonathan Winters, who finds material in such experiences as being tested for inguinal hernia, enjoys discussing what it is like to be naked in front of a dog.

Cool & Deep. Anxious not to be linked with that sort of thing, Mort Sahl insists that he will not say anything for a laugh ("I am not a sick comedian. I've never uttered a negative word in my life about the status of man, and I don't tell jokes about amputees"). Mounting a platform of his own, Sahl adds: "Bad taste can't count as a form of insight." He also says he objects to "historical irreverence," and was disdaining when, in his Los Angeles acceptance speech, Jack Kennedy paraphrased Lincoln's second inaugural address with a crack about Nixon's "malice toward all."

Mort Sahl built his original audience of students who came in from the University of California and other regional campuses to hear him in San Francisco,

No such common denominator applies any more; his following has increased to multitudes mainly in the big cities, which he has, in his own word, "saturated" by long stands of up to six months. He calls his followers "my people." Some have peach fuzz on their cheeks, and others have it on the tops of their heads. The one thing they share is a fondness for articulate irony and a sense of feeling "in." Occasional strays get up and walk out muttering "Communist," but the in-group would all understand the college freshman who says, "He has a cool way of digging deep."

There is an out-group too, people who find Sahl too brash and offensive. Warmth is simply not his gift, but this is not to say, as is often claimed, that he is a nihilist or that he hates everything. "His people" see him as the black knight of the implied positive—an idealist whose darkly critical moods really imply a yearning for perfection. "If I criticize somebody it's only because I have higher hopes for the world," he says in a solemn moment, "something good to replace the bad." And, he might have added, because high hopes in a bad world are invariably good for a laugh.

Working toward his goal as he sees it, Sahl has night by night over the past decade compiled a strong anthology of criticisms, a sort of Sahl's-eye view of the less-than-fabulous fifties (see box). "Nobody here is proud of our times, although you hear a lot about our way of life," Sahl points out. "I'm not saying what the Beat Generation says: 'Go away because I'm not involved.' I'm here and I'm involved."

His involvement for the next few months will be with the 1960 presidential campaign, and, as always, he is facing the stump with a two-edged adz. "It's all over but the doubting," says Mort Sahl. "My considered opinion of Nixon versus Kennedy is that neither can win."

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ART



ELECTRA WEBB & "JOHN SCOLLAY"

Collector's Passion

Is Early American art nothing more than a historical curiosity? Vermont's vast repository of Americana, the Shelburne Museum, has set out to prove that it is something more. Through Shelburne's 168-ft. covered bridge came spectators last week to view the impressive evidence in the one-story, colonial-style Webb Gallery of American Art.

On display are 200 paintings by 61 18th and 19th century artists, ranging from John Singleton Copley's *John Scollay* and Winslow Homer's *Milking Time* to an anonymous primitive of *General George Washington* without his teeth. There is no chronological arrangement of the paintings. "The whole thing was done by feeling," explains Electra Havemeyer Webb, the museum's president and founder. "Paintings can harmonize, or they can clash and look perfectly horrible. We just keep trying until we get the right effect."

To set off Washington Allston's classical scenes, Charles Willson Peale's portraits, Albert Bierstadt's seascapes and John F. Peto's *troupe-l-fest*, each of the gallery's rooms is furnished with authentic Early American chests, tables and secretaries. Guarding the gallery's main entrance is the 10-ft. pine statue of *Justice*, which stood atop the courthouse in Barnstable, Mass., and was lent by Shelburne to the Brussels World's Fair in 1958.

Mountain Mover. All the Shelburne's pieces were gathered with loving care by President Webb, who founded the museum in 1947 with her late husband, J. Watson Webb, a great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. Now 71, Mrs. Webb has always been a compulsive collector. "It's like being an alcoholic," she says. Her interest in collecting comes naturally; she is the daughter of Henry O. Havemeyer, whose multi-million-dollar collection of old masters was left to the Metropolitan Museum. Her parents were baffled when Electra got interested in Americana, and at 18 collected her first item: a \$25 cigar-store

Indian. As her daughter's stockpile of Early American dolls, quilts, pewter, decoys and trade signs grew, Mrs. Havemeyer asked in exasperation: "How can anyone who has been brought up with Rembrandts and Manets live with such American trash?"

In 1946 the Webbs bought eight acres of rolling farmland seven miles south of Burlington and opened their museum the following year. Now a complex of more than 40 acres and 33 buildings, Shelburne contains, among other things, the 220-ft. side-wheeler *Ticonderoga*, which was shipped overland from nearby Lake Champlain, the jail from Castleton, Vt., the Colchester Reef lighthouse, a fully equipped 19th century pharmacy, and a Victorian railroad depot. Some of the buildings had to be dismantled to be moved and painstakingly reassembled at Shelburne. Such difficulties do not deter Mrs. Webb. "Please, Mother," one of her five children once begged, "if someone offers you Mount McKinley as a gift for the museum, don't try to move it."

Competition from Abroad. The opening of the Webb Gallery is not the end of Mrs. Webb's ambitions for Shelburne. In the works are a hunting lodge to be hung with paintings by Frederic Remington and other Western artists, a circus building complete with old circus wagons and a carousel. Not afraid of the competition, Mrs. Webb also plans to bring some of her parents' collection of European paintings to Vermont and build another gallery on the museum grounds to house Corot and Degas that currently hang in her Manhattan apartment.

BIG DADA

I KNOW that I am important as a factor in the development of art and always will remain so," Dadaist Kurt Schwitters wrote in 1931. "I say this with all possible emphasis so that nobody afterwards can say: 'The poor man didn't even know how important he was.' The Dadaists (among them Jean Arp, Marcel Duchamp and Max Ernst) took their name from a nonsense phrase, but thought they were making sense of a kind. In the disillusioned aftermath of World War I, Schwitters used the *brié-a-brac* of everyday life—fragments of newspapers, railroad maps, timetables, string, bottle caps, photographs—to assemble collages (*see color*) that were a twitting comment on bourgeois life and an already demolished world. To Schwitters a canceled imperial postage stamp represented the collapse of the Hohenlohrs. Schwitters' collages were not meant merely to shock, annoy, puzzle or defy the conventions of society. "What we are expressing in our work," he once said, "is neither idiocy nor subjective play, but the expression of our time as dictated by the time itself."

Born in Hanover in 1887, Schwitters forsook the realism of his academic art training to become associated first with the sardonic Paul Klee, then with the Dadaists and such pioneer abstract painters as Piet Mondrian. But all his life Schwitters made a modest living painting realistic portraits aimed at pleasing the sitter. In 1919 he branched away from the Dadaists, founded his own movement, which he called *Merz*. The word had no meaning, but came from a fragment

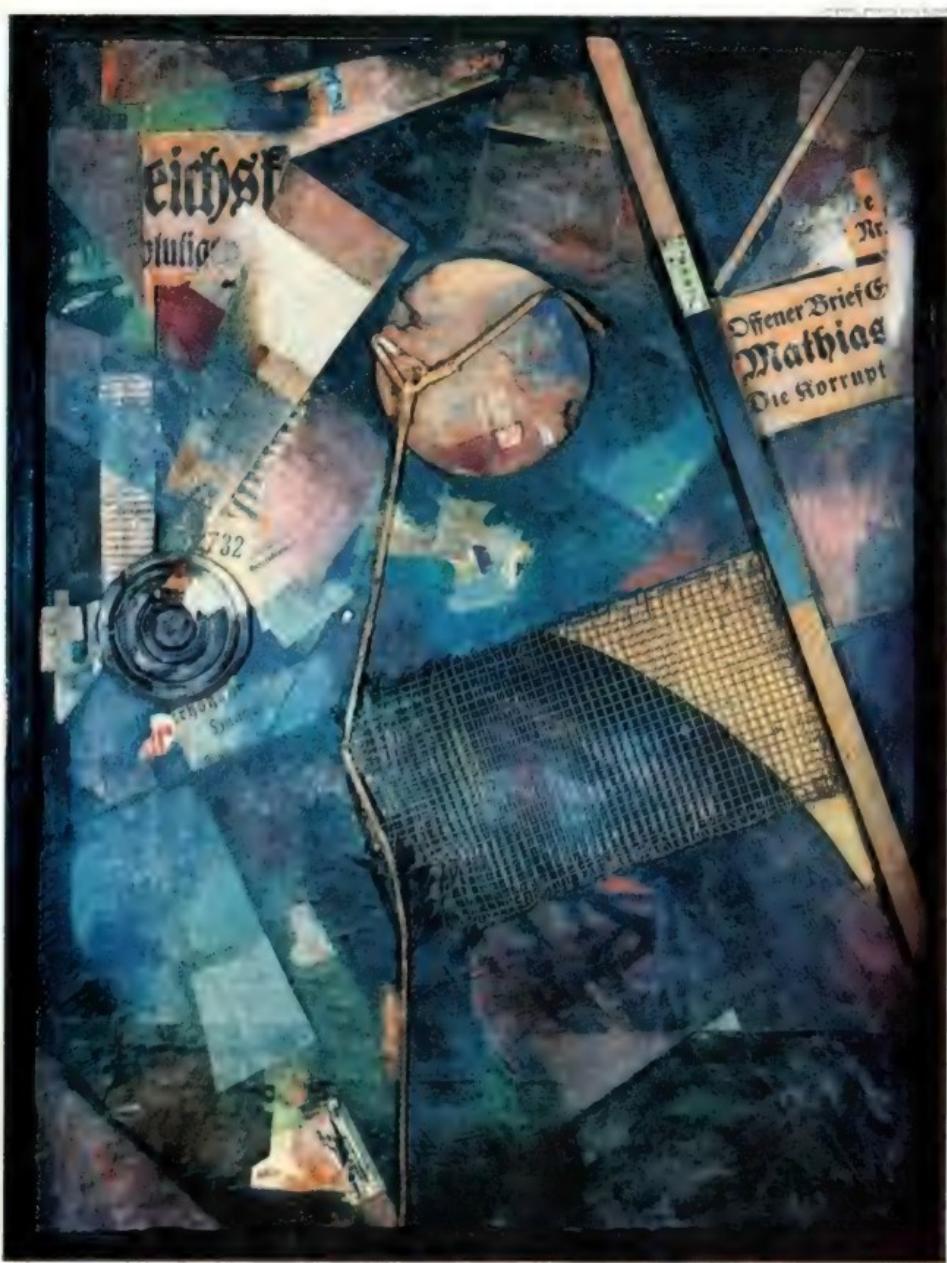


DADAIST SCHWITTERS

of a piece of newsprint bearing the phrase *Commerz-und Privatbank* that he had pasted on one of his collages. "Merz," he wrote later, "stands for freedom from all fetters, for the sake of artistic creation."

Between 1923 and 1932 Schwitters published *Merz* magazine, in which he printed his own poems, views on art and passionate vindications of his use of rubbish in collages. As his movement flourished, he built a *Merzbau* in Hanover, where disciples could touch a rag that Schwitters asserted was Goethe's stocking and a bottle of yellow liquid that he called the "urine of the Master." When Adolf Hitler came along, Schwitters' day in Germany was over. The Führer did not approve. In 1935 Schwitters fled Germany—first to Norway, then to England, where he died in 1948.

If Schwitters failed in his attempt to "remake the world using pieces of the old," he did participate in a movement that swept away some of the esthetic pretensions of the past, and pioneered in new forms which abstract painters later took up. At the current Venice Biennale, 51 of his works are being exhibited in posthumous tribute. Such richly toned collages as *Painting with Stars* are formed with striking and harmonious patterns composed with discipline and almost geometric precision. "His collages," wrote Critic Diego Valeri, "are little miracles—tasteful, sensitive, communicative, and even touching. To the unwary eye, they may seem mere exercises in patience. But to the discriminating onlooker, they turn out to be small but exquisite works of art."



SCHWITTERS' "PAINTING WITH STARS," 1920



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RELIGION

Off to the Races

Arriving in Australia in 1888 to become dean of Brisbane's cathedral the Very Rev. William Pye Baddeley,^o 46, announced: "I believe the Church of England is big and broad enough for all shades of thought. He then proved how broad his own thoughts could be.

When the Queen-land Turf Club Committee invited Dean Baddeley to the races, he obtained permission from Brisbane's Archibishop Reginald Halse, turned up at the track in a hot hat, suede shoes and a striped suit, puffing a cigar, and proceeded to clean up. The ungroomed dean won six \$50 bets in eight races for a total profit of \$5,93.

Then all Protestant hell broke loose. Last week the dean was getting more space in Australian letters-to-editors than the crisis in the Congo. "Degrading the holy office of a Christian minister," cried the Rev. Allan Walker, superintendent of Sydney's Central Methodist Mission. "I am bound to say." Melbourne's Anglican Dean Barton Babbage felt bound to say, "I regard Dean Baddeley's gambling activities with embarrassment and dismay."

After reminding everybody that Queen Elizabeth herself follows the nags, Dean Baddeley said: "The real problem is not gambling as such, but avarice and lust for money. My enjoyment was not in winning money but in seeing my choices win. I had a perfectly wonderful day."

The Eucharistic Congress

Eucharistic Congresses, the spectaculars of Roman Catholicism, have been held since 1881 in every corner of the earth (the last in Rio in 1935) to worship what German Theologian Theodorich Kampmann called "the still white majesty of the mystic bread" and thus to demonstrate Catholic internationalism and solidarity. Last week nearly half a million Catholics from all over the world met in Munich to celebrate the 37th World Eucharistic Congress. Among them: Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who arrived by helicopter, plus 21 cardinals, 500 bishops and thousands of priests.

The tradition of the congresses used to be a militant witness against Protestantism, but the mood of last week's meeting was newly irenic. Evangelical Theologian Edmund Schlink of Heidelberg was invited to address one of the numerous study groups on "Ritual as Understood by Protestant Theology" and was enthusiastically applauded. Participants attended Mass in more than 100 churches and in the Byzantine, Armenian, Maronite and Ethiopian rites as well as the Roman. In specially designated churches confessions were heard in 17 languages.

The Communist countries did their best to see that no Catholic from the Soviet

bloc went to Munich: the East German government banned all travel to West Germany for the week of the congress. But a small group of East Germans managed to get there by crossing to the West zone before the ban went into effect. Many were disappointed that the Pope failed to attend. Travel-hungry Pope John was reported to have at last decided that such a precedent-breaking foreign excursion would inevitably bring demands for more papal visitations. One feature of the conference was the celebration of the

radio message from John XXIII: "You and we perceive with great concern what dark clouds of danger hover over mankind and how heavily the peace of nations is threatened. Therefore let us pray together and with great fervor that Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace illuminate the spirits of the leaders of the states."

Easier for Converts

Roman Catholic ritual is growing more and more diplomatic. The late Pope Pius XII changed the translation of Latin liturgy for Good Friday from "Let us pray for the perfidious Jews [*Oremus pro perfidis Iudeis*]" to "Let us pray for the



PAPAL LEGATE TESTA (UNDER CANOPY) IN MUNICH
Before the still white majesty of the mystic bread.

Friedrich Reuth—EPA

early Christian custom of agape, or love feast, in Munich parish homes and in its famed beer hall, the Hofbrauhaus, where some 900 people watched the papal legate Gustavo Cardinal Testa, move smilingly among them, passing out hard rolls to be eaten with cold ham and roast veal accompanied by Palatinate wine.

On Friday, day of fasting and penitence, some 2,000 young Germans made an eleven-mile pilgrimage to the one-time concentration camp at Dachau, where Munich's Bishop Johannes Neuhauser, a former inmate dedicated a chapel to Christ's agony (a jarring note was the appearance of Hitler's financial wizard, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who did a brief spell in Dachau himself).

In Munich's cathedral 15,000 people pealed New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman's attack Communism as "a wild beast of the forest," making since 1936, "the most dangerous summer" since 1936. Climax of the congress came Sunday, when more than a million people streamed for the final Mass into the vast Theresienwiese fair grounds, surrounding a high wooden altar. Direct from Rome they heard a

unbelieving Jews" (the sense *perfidis* once had). The present Pope dropped the qualifying word entirely. Last week the Vatican announced that at Pope John's direction the term *perfidy* will also be eliminated from the ritual used in baptizing adults from Judaism and other non-Catholic faiths.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites is considering other changes in the baptismal liturgy. Under the old formula, codified in 1614, the priest called upon ex-pagans to "hold idols in horror, reject images," ex-Jews to "hold in horror and reject Hebrew superstition," ex-Moslems to "reject the wicked sect of infidelity," and ex-Protestants to "hold in horror wicked heresy, reject the nefarious sect of impious [name of denomination]." To make things easier for converts, much of this language may soon be toned down.

Speaking in Tongues

The early Christians were much impressed by the phenomenon known as glossolalia (literally, "speaking with tongues"), which appeared at the first Pentecost: "And they were all filled with

Whose actress-sister Hermione was nominated for an Oscar this year for her portrayal of the loose-lipped haridan in *Room at the Top*.



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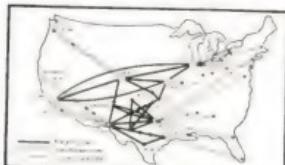


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the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." To the skeptical, the "other tongues" sounded like gibberish, but the faithful found special meanings in the spontaneous outpouring of sounds.

Peter saw the "gift of tongues" in a group of Gentiles as evidence that the Holy Ghost was present and they should be baptized forthwith. Paul cited it as a notable Christian gift, and though he had it himself ("I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all"), he warned in his first letter to the Corinthians against letting it get out of hand. The general practice lasted into the 3rd century. Now glossolalia seems to be on its way back in U.S. churches—not only in the uninhibited Pentecostal sects but even among Episcopalians, who have been called "God's frozen people."

"Speaking in tongues is no longer a phenomenon of some odd sect across the street," the *Living Church* (Episcopal) editorialized. "It is in our midst, and it is being practiced by clergy and laity who have stature and good reputation in the Church . . . Its widespread introduction would jar against our esthetic sense and some of our more strongly entrenched preconceptions. But we know that we are members of a Church which definitely needs jarring . . . If God has chosen this time to dynamite what Bishop Sterling of Montana has called 'Episcopalian respectability,' we know no more terrifyingly effective explosive."

Releasing Something Deeper. The Rev. Dennis J. Bennett, for one, is sure the explosion is on the way; last week he took up new duties in Seattle at St. Luke's Episcopal Church as the direct result of his interest in glossolalia. London-born Father Bennett, 42, a graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary (Congregational) who later became an Episcopalian, was assigned to St. Mark's Church in Van Nuys, Calif., in 1953. Last October he agreed to meet with some members of a fellow minister's church who had found themselves beginning to speak in tongues. First he was surprised to find that they were neither far-out types nor emotionally unbalanced; then he discovered that he had the "gift" himself and that the experience was "enriching."

Father Bennett brought the idea into his own parish—and began to run into trouble. Of his 2,000 parishioners, he says, some 700 developed a positive, sympathetic interest—they included the junior warden and the chairman of the women's guild. They were about equally divided between men and women, and there was a large number of couples. The group included a Ph.D. and a brain surgeon. But conservative Episcopalians were shocked. In April the vestry asked Pastor Bennett for his resignation, and Bishop Francis Eric Bloy of Los Angeles sent St. Mark's a new priest and a pastoral letter banning any more speaking in tongues under church auspices.

Father Bennett has no plans to get glossolalia going again in his new post, a small missionary church, but he "men-



THE FIRST PENTECOST
"Da sheontee konomeki no sienti holay."

tions" it privately to people he thinks could benefit. "The gift of tongues is a freeing of the personality in expressing one's self more profoundly, particularly toward God, even though the symbols are not understood by the speaker. It does not happen in a trance. The person is releasing something deeper than the ordinary symbols of language."

Dayosi Ki-i-yeno. One evening last week, in an apartment motel in Van Nuys, seven Episcopalians of Father Bennett's former flock met together to await the coming of the Holy Spirit. Bursts of laughter from a television set across the courtyard invaded the reverent silence, but the two men and five women paid no attention, praying aloud from time to time for individuals in sickness or trouble and for "those who are resisting the outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

Suddenly it came. "*Da sheontee konomeki no sienti holay coriente no sheonte mees . . .*" said one of the women in a cool, musical voice. She continued for about a minute to utter these sounds, meaningless in any known language. No one glanced up or spoke. After a minute or two of silence, she "interpreted" what she had said: "The Lord thy God says unto thee that he is here in the midst of thee . . . When you pray, fear not. He is with you always, and his love surrounds you like a fleecy cloud. Thus saith the Lord." This was greeted by a chorus of quiet "thank-yous," then from another voice: "*Dayosi ki-i-yeno mayashi yekatona masi yuna ma yenda ya koton musiki . . .*"

California's Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy dismisses the movement. "In the past there have been movements of this sort, but they never did the church any good." But Seventh Day Baptist Paul Henry, a lawyer of Fontana, Calif., speaks for many of the "spirit-filled" when he says: "It's only my guess, but I think it may be an outpouring just before the termination of this age."

MUSIC

. . . To Forgive Divine

It sounded for a few raucous moments as if Mickey Mantle had popped up with the bases loaded. While the performer stood transfixed, boos, catcalls and whistles filled the warm night air. Occasion: an open-air performance of *Aida* at Verona, during which Soprano Antonietta Stella committed the unpardonable sin of muffing a high C in the difficult third-act aria *O patria mia*.

For two acts Stella had been in fine voice; her famous *Ritornerò vincitor!* aria had brought a thunderous ovation. But by the third act Stella's voice sounded shaky. When she came to her great third-act aria, her voice suddenly lapsed into a dolorous wail on the phrase "no, mai più," which ends on a high C. Then the voice vanished like a blown-out flame.

The music stopped and, as the boos mounted, Stella fled the stage. But after 15 minutes of the sort of anger that only Italians can feel about an operatic misdemeanor, the crowd had a change of heart and began to chant: "We forgive you, Stella." Urgently prompted by the management, the soprano finally returned to the stage, supported by Baritone Giacomo Gueli. Slowly advancing to the footlights, she knelt, gazed beseechingly at her public and bent forward until her forehead touched the stage. "Forgive me," said she in a squeaky voice. "I've been feeling poorly all day." The audience gave a cheer, and the opera went on, with Stella prudently transposing her highest notes down one octave. "Poor girl," said one fan, "I wouldn't want that to happen even to Callas."

The Plectra Pluckers

There are many who play stickily, as if they had glue between their fingers. Their touch is lethargic; they hold notes too long. Others leave the keys too soon, as if they burned.

So Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (third son of Johann Sebastian) described the pitfalls of harpsichord playing, adding that a good harpsichord performer must have "*das Schnellen*" (the snap), achieved by imitating with one's fingers the leg action of a chicken scratching the ground. Despite such difficulties (experts figure that not one harpsichord player in a hundred had his *Schnellen* properly under control), the U.S. is in the grip of a major harpsichord boom, fostered by such players as Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sylvia Marlowe, Fernando Valenti and the late great Wanda Landowska.

Although prices are stiff (as much as \$6,000 for a good modern instrument), there are several thousand harpsichords scattered about the country today, where there were only 500 or so a decade ago. Until 1949, there was only one noted harpsichord maker in the U.S.; now there are half a dozen. The do-it-yourself trend has taken hold, too; in the Boston area



DIVA STELLA
Like Mantle popping up.

alone, during the past two years, a dozen harpsichords have been built by amateurs. At least 50 colleges and music schools offer special harpsichord courses.

Hollywood Chic. The harpsichord boom is concentrated in college towns and big cities. Los Angeles had two years ago (one of them was Sigmund Romberg's), now there are more than 30. José Ferrer and Edie Adams each have one as the newest thing in Hollywood chic. Pomona's retired English Professor Harlan Smedley, 53, who plays a harpsichord as "a countermeasure to all the tensions and noisiness of the day," thinks



HARPSICHORD MAKER CHALLIS
Like a scratching chicken.

that "you can't be a pest on a harpsichord." Most harpsichord buffs are piano players who discovered baroque music on LPs; once accustomed to the sweet, incisive, brilliant tone of the harpsichord (its metal strings are plucked by leather plectra or picks, instead of being struck by hammers), they find its sound mystically satisfying. West Coast Psychologist Bob Johnson, 39, heard his first harpsichord on a recording by Yella Pessl, found, while living in Portland, that he felt "sad and in limbo because there was no harpsichord in 1,000 miles." He bought two, now holds frequent meetings for fellow harpsichordists at evening sessions in his home.

Professional people are especially harpsichord-prone. Doctors, psychiatrists, teachers and ministers are among the most active amateurs in the New York area. In New Orleans, Attorney Thomas B. Lemann finds himself hard put to explain his own harpsichordia ("Why do you prefer bourbon to Scotch?"), but admits that "there is a simplicity about it" that appeals strongly to his children, who are being raised without any knowledge of the upstart piano. Most harpsichord buffs have a strong proprietary sense. When a New Orleans amateur, Charles Hazlett, lent his harpsichord to touring Virtuoso Fernando Valenti, the visitor was amazed. Said Valenti: "It's almost like lending somebody your wife."

Do-It-Yourself. A number of small U.S. makers, working in lofts, studios and stables, lovingly turn out instruments finer than anything Europe has to offer. They are split into two mildly hostile factions: those who stick to wooden frames and those who experiment with metal. William Dowd and Frank Hubbard, both of Boston, who are wood men, plead that metal introduces a historically inaccurate effect. Nevertheless, both are admirers of Manhattan's Frank Ruikowski, 27, who uses aluminum for his frames on the grounds that metal contracts and expands less (a wooden-frame harpsichord must be tuned virtually every time it is played and whenever it is moved).

Leader of the metal faction is John Challis, pioneer U.S. manufacturer of harpsichords, who learned his trade back in the '20s from the late famed English Instrument Maker Arnold Dolmetsch. In a shop at the rear of his huge, century-old brick house in Detroit, Challis constructs about twelve harpsichords a year (last week he was working on his 280th), grosses \$30,000. A Challis harpsichord costs anywhere from \$900 to \$5,800, is made of walnut and modern materials like Bakelite, aluminum and plastic.

In a run-down loft in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, an ex-child psychologist named Wallace Zuckermann turns out the U.S.'s only mass-produced harpsichord, an instrument that sells briskly for \$750, but is derided by professionals. Last spring, Zuckermann went a step further: for a mere \$150, his clients can now buy the Zuckermann Do-It-Yourself Harpsichord Kit, complete with diagrams, strings, jacks and Ivaloid plastic keys.



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SPORT

Game Try

If anyone seemed a sure bet to represent the U.S. in swimming at the Olympics in Rome, a sad-faced Kansan named Jeff Farrell, 23, was the man. The greatest U.S. sprinter by consent and by competition, Farrell last month won the National A.A.U. championship by thrashing through the 100-meter freestyle in 54.8 sec., fastest time ever for an American. He looked a cinch to take the 100 meters, and to win a place on the 800-meter relay squad as well, at last week's Olympic trials in Detroit. But six days before the trials, Farrell underwent an emergency appendectomy and sent U.S. swimming plans into an emergency too.

At first, swimming officials looked for a way to put Farrell on the team anyway—a violation of their own rules that only the first two qualifiers in the trials can make the squad. Admitted Chairman Ray Daughters: "We wanted him badly." Farrell surprised the committee by insisting that he would make the team by swimming or not at all. "I don't deserve any special privileges. I'll swim."

Bandage All Around. Day after his operation, with a doctor and Yale's Coach Emeritus Bob Kiphuth looking on, Farrell had two light sessions of kicking and stroking in the pool of Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital. Within three days, he was practicing starts and turns. On the sixth day, Farrell showed up at the trials with his five-inch incision protected by a wide roll of tape that extended halfway around his back. "It doesn't hurt much except for hitting the water," said Farrell. Corrected Kiphuth: "It hurts like hell."

In his first 100-meter trial, Farrell took a deep dive to spare himself the hard bellywhop of a flat racing start, stroked powerfully to finish in 55.9, second fastest time of the round. In the semifinals, Farrell got a bad start, but sprinted wildly to hit the wall with the fastest time of the day, 55.6.

Defeat & Victory. By the finals, the swimming meet belonged to Farrell. Spectators and rival swimmers alike cheered him every time he appeared at poolside. A teen-age girl pressed a religious medal into his hand. With a good start, a racing dive this time, Farrell was up with the leaders at the turn. But as he sprinted home, he struck a lane marker with his arm and for a moment floundered off-rhythm. He closed fast, and the finishing order was in doubt—to everyone but himself. Even before the announcement, he buried his face in a towel and moaned "Why didn't I have it? Why didn't I have it?" First was California's Lanee Larson in 55 sec.; second was Harvard's Bruce Hunter in 56 sec. Farrell was third, .1 sec. behind.

Two nights later, grim and pale, Farrell was back to fight for a place on the 800-meter relay team. All he had to do was finish sixth or better in the eight-man field, but no one knew how his stomach

would take the long grind. "The more I swim, the more it hurts," he admitted. Coming off the final turn, Farrell poured on his famed finishing sprint, hurt stomach or no, and touched out in fourth place. "I'm very grateful," Farrell said later. "This is the way I wanted to make the team."

Others who earned a trip to Rome: ¶ Chris von Saltza, 16, the best woman freestyler in U.S. history, lowered her American record for the 100 meters by .5 sec., with a trial heat time of 1:01.3, coasted home to win the finals in 1:02.5. Then, in the grueling 400 meters she knocked .9 sec. off the world's record of Australia's Ilsa Konrads, 16, with the time of 4:44.5.

¶ Lynn Burke, 17, of the Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club, windmilled the 100-meter backstroke in 1:09.2 to break her own world record by .8 sec., set a furious pace that left 1936 Silver Medal Winner Corin Cone, 19, back in third place—and off the Olympic team.

¶ Carolyn Wood, a 14-year-old high school freshman from Portland, Ore., and the brightest new star to emerge from the trials. After taking an unexpected second in the 100-meter freestyle behind Chris von Saltza, Carolyn bobbed up and down in the water like a surprised seal: "I made it! I made it! I made it!" By the next night, Carolyn was a poised veteran as she came back to win the 100-meter butterfly in 1:09.4.

¶ Mike Troy, 19, a stocky Indiana junior who is one of the safest favorites for a gold medal at Rome. In the 200-meter butterfly, he coolly knocked .2 sec. off his own world record by fluttering the four lengths of the pool in 2:13.2.

Despite the loss of Farrell in the 100 meters, the U.S. team that made it through Detroit's hazardous shoals is the fastest ever to enter the Olympics. It had better be. Australia's swimmers should be nearly as strong as the crew that dominated the 1936 games in Melbourne (8

of 13 gold medals for men and women combined). And then there are the Japanese, who dominated Olympic men's swimming in the 1930s and are only now beginning to regain their prewar form with a crack team. In prospect is a glorious Roman water carnival.

Mounting the Diamond

They call it "the Diamond"—a 1,000-ft. slab of granite that slants out from the mountainside like a giant teetering tombstone, and guards the eastern approach to Longs Peak, a 14,256-ft. tower in the Rockies some 75 miles northwest of Denver. The stretch of rock is one of the last great unconquered climbs in the U.S.[®] Last week a pair of seasoned climbers from California checked their gear and set out to become the first men to mount the Diamond.

For two hours Dave Rearick, 28, a Ph.D. in mathematics from Caltech, and Bob Kamps, 26, a fourth-grade teacher in North Hollywood, stood on a ledge called Broadway and studied the wall looming over their heads. Then Rearick began the ascent. It took him half an hour to reach a narrow shelf 75 ft. up and toss down a rope for Kamps. From then on, their progress was measured in hours and inches. At dusk, they huddled on a tiny ledge, drove pitons into the sheer rock face and dozed through a night of wind and cold, lashed to the Diamond. At dawn, they struggled on.

Because of the outward slant of the Diamond, the pair had to use "tension climbing," searching the expanse of crumbling granite for solid spots, hammering in pitons to build a ladder of rope and expansion belts. Suddenly gushes of icy water down crevasses drenched them repeatedly. At times they dangled in space 20 ft. out from the face of the Diamond. As they fought their way up, the acoustics of the mountain carried wisps of their comments to the gathering crowd below: "Say, I think it's getting colder again." Dusk of the second day found them precariously camped on a ledge 4 ft. long and 15 in. wide, wolfing down salami, boned chicken and chocolate before bracing themselves for another sleepless, terrifying night.

The last 350 ft. were brutal. Clawing up a narrow chimney, Kamps was blocked by a huge chock stone, an 80-ft. splinter of granite that had fallen from above and plugged the passageway. With infinite care, he inched his way to the left. After an hour's work, he drove a piton into the rock, hooked a finger through the piton's eye and leaned dizzily backwards to search for a route above. Down below, the spectators stopped talking. Somehow the climbers found a way up the face, around the chock stone, and back into the chimney again. Some 45 minutes later Rearick's crew-cut head slowly appeared over the rim of the Diamond. Another ten



Albert Molday—Denver Post

CLIMBERS REARICK & KAMPS
"We burned our bridges."

minutes and both men were wearily standing together on the top.

"We might have quit except we burned our bridges behind us when we pulled most of our pitons," said Rearick. "We could never have gotten back down to Broadway." Then he made a terse entry in the logbook at the summit of Longs Peak: "First ascent of the Diamond."

Continental Divide

From its founding last year, the pop-up Continental League had little chance of becoming a third major baseball circuit in 1961. The owners had franchises in eight cities,[®] but no players and no stadiums. By its paper existence, however, the Continental League bedeviled the 16 major-league teams.

Last week representatives of all three leagues met in Chicago to shake hands on a deal that left everyone smiling, the Continental Leaguers contentedly, the established major leaguers with relief. Terms of the deal: the Continental League disappears; the American and National leagues will each grow to ten teams by 1962, taking in two Continental cities apiece; the remaining four Continental cities will be considered for membership after a "reasonable" time.

For the majors, the agreement eliminates a competitor in a way that is not likely to irritate Congress, which rumbles from time to time about the monopoly status of baseball. But the deal does not settle which league gets what cities. New York, which has been without a National League team since the Dodgers and Giants followed the gold rush to California, will certainly get another National League team. The rhubarb should be fierce over the other cities.



Swimmer Farrell
"It hurts like hell."

Considered so difficult that the National Park Service has refused all applicants until this year, though Longs Peak itself has been climbed innumerable times by other routes.

• New York, Buffalo, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Denver, Dallas-Fort Worth, Houston, Atlanta, Toronto.

EDUCATION

Bertie & the Board

Three years ago Federal District Judge Ben C. Connally ordered the biggest segregated school district in the U.S., Houston's 173 schools, to integrate "with all deliberate speed." Two months ago Houston's school board blandly submitted a plan to integrate only three schools—and pledged that no child in the district need attend them. Last week Judge Connally cracked down, ordered integration of all kindergartens next fall, and of a grade a year thereafter. He called the board's plan "a palpable sham and subterfuge."

Judge Connally was up against a school board that specializes in finding "controversial" anything which it disapproves of. The board's right-wing majority has denounced the U.N. as un-American, banned standard textbooks as "anti-capitalistic," fired teachers on shaky charges of being "leftish." In this crusade, no one has been more energetic than tiny, taut Bertie Maughmer, 44, wife of Police Lieutenant Earl Maughmer Jr. Last week, as an eerie footnote to the proceedings, Board Member Maughmer was under a charge of assault to murder. The man she is accused of trying to kill: Policeman Maughmer.

No Free Lunch. When the Maughmers married 23 years ago, so did two Texas-tall egos, each with a passion for "leadership." After Maughmer became president of the Houston Police Officers Association in 1949, he loathed luxuriously in the state capitol. Meanwhile, Mrs. Maughmer was ringleading Houston's McCarthy-like Minute Women. In 1956 she got herself on the school board in the most vicious campaign in Houston history. Her segregationist plank: "I'd rather go to jail than see my kids go to school with niggers."

As parliamentarian, Bertie often controlled the board. Between sessions of getting books banned, she attacked any form of federal aid to schools. She helped cut off reimbursements for teachers attending meetings of the National Education Association (which endorses federal aid), managed to stop the free-lunch program in Houston (where many children now go without lunch). Bertie hit the newspapers at least once a week, and enjoyed it so much that she carried even uncocomplimentary stories around in her handbag.

One Little Favor. At the Maughmer home, things sometimes reached a high pitch. She called the marriage "sheer hell." She denounced her for assuming the "leadership role." But divorce seemed out of the question. After all, bad publicity might spoil the two Maughmer careers.

One evening last month, Bertie Maughmer phoned police to report that her husband had been shot. Her story: he was teaching her how to use his .357 Magnum pistol when suddenly it sent a high-powered slug through his stomach. On the verge of death, Maughmer seemed to back her story. But nine days later, he recovered enough to tell a different tale. After a violent argument, he said, she had way-



Owen Johnson

HOUSTON'S MAUGHMER
One through the stomach.

laid him in the bedroom and shot him in a cold fury.

Last week, days after her arrest and her announcement that "naturally" she would resign from the school board, Mrs. Maughmer was still a board member. No one could find any law that compelled her to resign, but Houston parents were signing petitions to ask of her at least that one little favor.

Africa Calling

Smartly dressed in bright blue blazers, 23 Nigerians stepped off a French ship in Montreal last week and headed toward 19 top U.S. colleges, from Yale to Vassar, with full four-year scholarships. Their scholarships were fully earned: the culling they went through made the U.S. race for college look like a free-lunch counter.

The Nigerians were chosen from 2,000 of the brightest youths in Britain's biggest African colony (pop. 35 million), which is to become fully independent in October. First the number was reduced to 375 with schooling qualifying them for Cambridge and Oxford. They were given probing exams. The 83 with highest scores were then screened for character and ambition. The 35 survivors were further analyzed to judge prospects of future academic success. The elect two dozen, some of them schoolteachers back home, are in no mood for fun and games. What their education means to Nigeria is clear from one statistic: the only university in the country—the University College of Ibadan—turns out 50 graduates a year.

"The United States is just starting, but they will give us the help we need," said Harvard-bound Christian Ohiri, 22. Ohiri's faith is not shared by Kenya's flashy young politician Tom Mboya, who says that the U.S. is "not applying itself real-

istically" to the problem of educating Africans. Visiting the U.S. to raise plane fare for 250 Kenyans who have scholarships to American colleges next fall, Mboya called on Candidate John F. Kennedy at Hyannisport and said: "What we need is a crash program to train thousands to man our new government."

The U.S. Government spends less on education in Africa (\$2,000,000 a year) than it does in any other area. Only now is the U.S. devising plans for scholarships for 150 Guinean students and 300 from the Congo. Mboya argues that such private-scholarship programs as the Nigerian plan are "too little and too selective."

Mboya's activities embroil him with British colonial officers in Kenya, who say that Mboya, by the selection methods he uses, often sends "inferior" students to the U.S., where they often can get into only "inferior" colleges (e.g., small Southern Negro institutions). They are embarrassed after they get home, say the British, when they cannot meet the higher-education job specifications the British insist upon, based on British models. The British also argue that they themselves are training Africans to run new nations.

In sharp retort, Mboya's American associates say that only two or three of this year's batch of 200 Kenya students in the U.S. dropped out—and even they had gained from going to school in the U.S. Some are also swapping campuses: Washington A.J. Okumu, who began at Iowa Wesleyan, now has a two-year scholarship at Harvard. What counts, says Mboya's men, is that Africans need higher education at all levels—and that the British fail to provide enough of it.

They also inevitably point out that the Russians are offering hundreds of four-year scholarships to Africans, providing free transportation and asking few embarrassing questions about school records.

Boys & Girls Together

Drawing a deep breath, the fast-growing University of California at Los Angeles announced last week that nearly all its resident men and women will now live together. As if drawing up plans for San Quentin prison, it promised parents that it would aim for "maximum security."

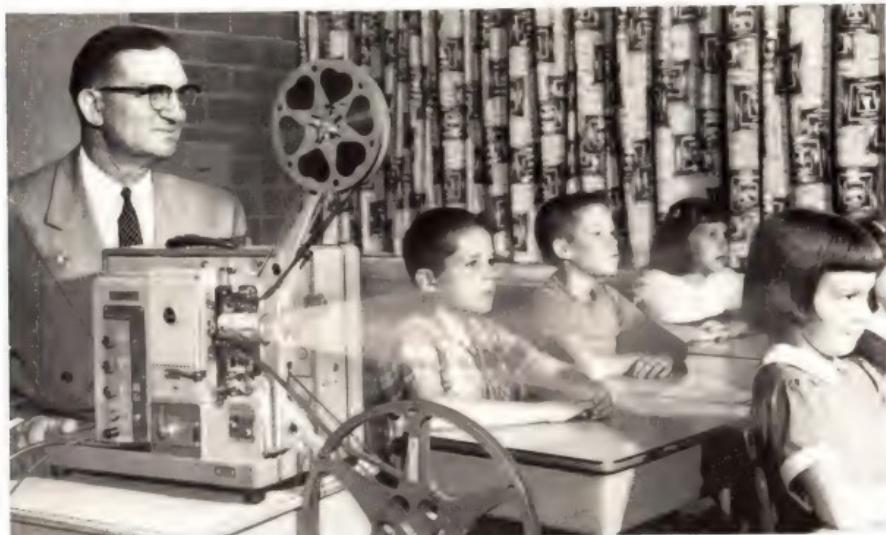
U.C.L.A.'s new Sproul Hall, scheduled to open this fall, was planned from the start as cohabitational. In separate wings for opposite sexes, Sproul's 400 men and 400 girls will share a beige brick nest atop a Westwood hill.

A crush of female room applications has now forced the university to make over Dykstra Hall as well. Originally all male, it will now house girls on the top four of its ten floors. Last week Dean of Residence Byron Atkinson was busily arranging "suitable security measures." Among them: thick walls between male and female elevators. Since the fire-escape doors open down, Atkinson presumes that they are "safe" (if only the men are aggressors). "We are not planning to set up flamethrowers or machine guns at strategic passes," said he. "All we can do is try not to make it easy to break the rules."



Kodak
TRADE MARK

At the new Monroe Elementary School, Monroe, Iowa, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs, R. J. Hekel, Superintendent, says:



"We're convinced that A-V increases learning efficiency by 20 to 30 percent."

"Even slow learners grasp meanings quickly when they see a subject in context."

"After showing a movie on rural fire prevention, for example, nearly every pupil readily understood basic concepts of the subject. Before A-V, it was a slow process, sometimes tedious, to drum home the same subject."

"We frequently show movies and we take care to see that they add to the learning experience."

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"Its quiet operation is not distracting, and we usually don't have to show a new teacher or student more than twice how to operate it with ease. This means we don't

have to lose valuable class time.

"We must move our projectors about the school, so we don't like cumbersome, heavy machines. This Kodak Pageant is as light as any we've seen. And we know there's good reason for this projector's weight. For instance, from our examination of the sound amplifier, we found this to be a quality sound system, obviously not skimped on in manufacture. This sound quality is exactly what we need to accommodate showings in either classroom or auditorium."

Test the Kodak Pageant Projector yourself. See how easy it is to set up, how quietly it operates. Call your Kodak A-V Dealer for a demonstration, or write for Pageant Bulletin V3-22. No obligation, of course.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

It Started in Naples [Shavelson-Rose; Paramount] ends, at least as far as its interest for adults is concerned, when Clark Gable and Sophia Loren engage in a water ballet *pas de deux* in the Blue Grotto. But this foolishness does not occur until fairly late in the film, and what precedes it is noisy, cheerful and frequently funny. A good part of the reason is a nine-year-old rowdy named Marietto, who plays an Italian urchin and clowns well enough to deserve two names.

Gable is a Philadelphia lawyer who flies to Naples to wind up the affairs of a



GABLE & MARIETTO IN "NAPLES"

Ably supported oldsters.

black-sheep brother who died when his sailboat capsized. Gable learns from Attorney Vittorio De Sica that his brother's estate consists of \$14,000 worth of unsalable fireworks and the rocket-propelled Marietto, a by-blow for freedom conceived with the help of an unmarred lady who is also dead. The boy lives in Capri with his Aunt Sophia, a cabaret canary who describes herself aptly as Gable's "sister-not-in-law."

Marietto knows his way around everything except the local schoolhouse and is just old enough to appreciate the fact that he is just small enough to be high-up to a pair of toroeador pants. Sophia plays the sort of doll who scratches where she itches, and sees nothing wrong with the lad's education. Gable, of course, tries to reform Marietto. "After all," he reasons, "you're part American." Says the live-and-let-kid: "You no tell anyone. I no tell anyone." When Gable sees the boy touting for Sophia's gin mill late one night, he tells him sternly, "Go home and dream about Indians—men Indians."

Naturally, a custody suit is filed, and naturally, De Sica, hired by Gable to represent him, pays more attention to Loren than to law. Some fine shouting matches occur, in one of which an enraged bystander, delivering a memorable non sequitur, shouts at Gable, "Get out of the Middle East!"

All four principals are expert comedians, especially those two aging but indestructible charmers, Gable and De Sica.

Song Without End [William Goetz; Columbia] records two noteworthy advances over Hollywood's customary great-musician gassers. The first must have caused muttering in Beverly Hills: the film, although it concerns Franz Liszt, is not called *The Franz Liszt Story*. The second is that Dirk Bogarde, who plays the 19th century pianist-composer, has learned to waggle his fingers in convincing imitation of a virtuoso in full cadenza. The innovation is not negligible; it eliminates that hoary sham in which the cameraman shoots from behind the piano while the actor at the keyboard moves his arms up and down as if he were washing a pair of socks.

The film takes up Liszt's life as the 26-year-old genius deserts his faithful mistress (Genevieve Page) and their two children and goes billy-goating off on a concert tour, followed by his new inamorata, Princess Carolyne of Russia (former Parisian Model Capucine). Repeatedly, in one lavish recital hall after another, Bogarde strides arrogantly to the piano, peels off his white gloves and flings them to the floor, rips through a couple of scherzos and then stares smolderingly at Carolyne. Carolyne unfailingly melts on the spot. Unfortunately, the plot demands that the lovers remain eight octaves apart: the princess is both married and religious, and the Vatican refuses to grant a divorce. Every now and then Old-Flame Page adds to the anguish of the situation by pleading tearfully that Bogarde take her back.

All this, naturally, is filmed in extreme legato, a mood in which Bogarde is seen at his most irritating. Dressed in the sort of shirt with droopy sleeves and deep décolletage that all 19th century musicians must wear in films about their lives, he does not really act; he poses. His reaction to every situation—although, to be fair, most of the film's situations are the same—is an ironic half-smile.

Portrait in Black [Ross Hunter; Universal-International] presents Lana Turner as the love-lorned Lloyd of a bedridden shipping magnate (Wiley Nolan). Anthony Quinn is Nolan's physician, and he also ministers to what ails Lana. Actor Quinn is reliably reported to have said "You're kidding" when it was suggested that he take the role, his first as a drawing-room matron menace, but by the time the film was shot, his mood had changed from

disbelief to a kind of numbness. His speech is oddly strangled, and his general acting style is that of a beaten prize-fighter routinely protesting a decision he knows to have been fair.

If cornerstones are still being laid in Hollywood, this is the film that should be sealed inside to instruct future generations: it is a brilliantly photographed and very nearly complete record of cinematic clichés. Nothing that could stunly an audience has been neglected. The dialogue runs to such familiar lines as "Don't say anything for a moment; just hold me." The score is as sticky and obtrusive as any in memory, when one-time Silent Cinematress Anna May Wong, who plays a Chinese housekeeper, appears on the screen, there is, sure



QUINN & TURNER IN "PORTRAIT"
Brilliantly photographed clichés.

enough, Chinatown music on the sound track to nudge any viewer whose eyes have glazed over.

When a funeral is staged (Quinn and Lana, the overwrought lovers, have done away with Nolan), Director Michael Gordon gives filmgoers the Graveside Scene they know so well: the guilty glances, the dark overcoats, the raised umbrellas, and the rain beating down on the scarred earth. The Cry of Conscience is represented by echoing, disembodied voices; Quinn is pursued by a djinni who repeats the Hippocratic oath, and Lana writhes daintily in her sleep as Nolan's ghost chides her for infidelity. An anonymous blackmailer sends accusing letters, and this leads smoothly to the Mirror Bit: at the peak of a wrangle with Lana, Quinn raises a heavy candlestick and smashes it into the reflection of her terrified face. But Director Gordon is not entirely tradition's slave; instead of requiring Dr. Quinn to snap the stem of a wineglass to indicate the power of his emotion, he has the fellow crush a syringe.

GOOD LOOKING, GOOD READING

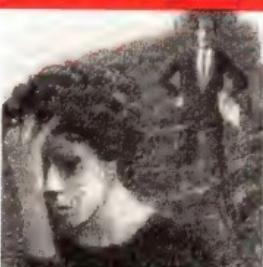
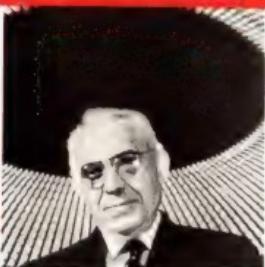
Gashouse Gang of 1960

Pittsburgh's Pirates haven't won a pennant in 33 years—and that time the Yanks beat them four games straight in the Series. LIFE's take-out on the 1960 team and its all-but-unknown manager shows why the Pirates may be this year's best.



Marilyn and Montand

In a new movie, *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn Monroe has a new leading man, France's romantic singing idol Yves Montand. Marilyn and Yves proved an electric combination on and off the set—as shown in LIFE's intriguing backstage picture story.



Olympic Architecture

For the 1960 Olympics in Rome Pier Luigi Nervi, Italy's top builder, has created a monumental stadium—and two of the most spectacular sports arenas since the Colosseum. All are beautiful but low-cost. See his work in eight full-color pages.

"Block Meeting"

This week you can preview a novel just about to burst on the American scene. Its title is *Peaceable Lane*. Its author is LIFE Associate Editor Keith Wheeler. Its explosive theme: what happens when a Negro tries to move into a white community.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

A Key to Growth

Productivity is the economist's favorite—and often confusing—term to describe the amount of work a man does in an hour. What makes it misleading, and makes much exhortation on the subject so irrelevant, is the fact that the real increases in productivity often come not just from a man's working harder but from the use of labor-saving machinery and systems that help him to do his job better and faster. Such devices usually require fewer men, but often better skilled ones. Productivity thus is one of the key methods of gauging the economy's ability to grow—and a major issue in the argument over how great the U.S. rate of growth should be. Last week the Labor Department announced that productivity rose substantially in a number of industries in 1959. But it also raised the serious question of how much productivity will grow in 1960.

Output per man-hour in all private industry last year increased by more than 4%, surpassing the average of just over 3% a year for the 1947-59 period. In the steel industry, productivity rose 12% in hard-coal mining 10.2%, in railroads 6%. Although non-farm industries advanced more than average, agriculture showed virtually no gain, indicating that the mechanization that increased productivity about 6% a year from 1947 through 1958 is largely completed.

The coal, steel and railroad gains were spurred by the economy's recovery from the 1958 recession, reflected the use of a smaller labor force and the benefits of new machinery installed just prior to the recession. In all, Government economists agree that for the private economy as a whole, 1959 was a better year than average. It would have been even better if the recovery from the recession had not been marred by the steel strike.

In recent years, increased productivity has been accompanied by regular wage hikes (*see chart*). Such unions as Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers and



James B. Carey's International Union of Electrical Workers now argue that earnings should rise at the same rate as productivity. But productivity jumps, insists management, not only reflect increased output per worker but increased capital investment and automation. Productivity also has an effect on prices and inflation. An increase in output per man-hour not only makes more goods available; it makes possible either lower prices or higher profits—or some of both.

Specialists now feel that while productivity will continue to increase so long as technological advances are made, 1960 will bring no exceptional rises. Such industries as utilities and agriculture have already made strong advances in productivity. Future advances should come in construction and in the service trades.

TIME CLOCK

TURNTABLE WAR revives as Columbia Records began issuing three-minute pop "singles" (in recent years available only on 45 r.p.m.'s) in 33½ speed. Capitol, ABC Paramount, Argo and London record firms will soon follow because of declining pop-singles sales. Long holdout in drive to make 33s standard for industry: RCA Victor, which pioneered 45s.

WORLD'S TALLEST HOTEL, 50 stories high, will be built in midtown Manhattan by Loew's Theaters, Inc. To be named the Americana West, new hotel will open in 1962 with 2,000 luxury rooms, a 30,000-sq.-ft. exhibi-

tion hall. It will cost \$45 million, join Loew's Americana East, for which ground has been broken across town.

SCOTCH DRINKERS will down 10 million cases a year in the U.S. by 1965, if present trend continues. Consumption last year hit more than 7,000,000 cases, up from 3,000,000 in 1949.

VOLUNTARY PAY CUT will be taken by workers at financially ailing Pittsburgh Steel Co., 14th largest U.S. steel company. Union agreed to reduction that will eventually save company 15¢ per man-hour in incentive-pay costs.

INDUSTRY

Woes of the Atlas

The biggest bottleneck in the U.S. missile program is not the development or testing of the giant birds—which have been flying successfully—but construction of the bases that would be needed to send them winging against an enemy. The U.S. now has six operational Atlas intercontinental ballistic missiles—and by schedule should now have 18. Later this year twelve Atlases will be operational, whereas there should be more than 30. Last week 56 top executives of companies that make the Atlas and its launching sites returned home from Washington after a rousing pep talk from Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates Jr. urging them to get the Atlas back on schedule. The chief problem, conceded Air Force Brigadier General William E. Leonhard, a deputy commander of the Ballistic Missile Division, is "the difficulties of doing a wartime task under peacetime conditions and authority."

Like Building Dams? The Atlas' woes show that it takes more than a big budget and brainy scientists to win the missile race. One of the chief difficulties has been the lack of central direction. The Air Force Ballistic Missile Division, after approving the plans of the prime contractor, turns the job of letting construction contracts over to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The Air Force and the Army engineers each blame the other for the delays. The Army charges that the Air Force makes impossible demands, frequently changes its mind; the Air Force replies that the Army engineers are trying to build bases as they build dams.

Both the Army and the Air Force give the contractors poor marks. The Convair division of General Dynamics Corp., one of the prime contractors for the Atlas, has come under criticism for placing so much stress on test shots at Cape Canaveral that it has not put enough effort into preparing missile bases. Construction contractors selected by the Corps of Engineers often farmed the work to subcontractors who

FOREIGN PENCILS are cutting U.S. wooden pencil industry down to "peril point," argued Lead Pencil Manufacturers Assn. before U.S. Tariff Commission. They claim that export market has almost vanished and imports are grinding away at domestic profits.

THIRD STOCK MARKET in Manhattan, formed by 400 members of New York Mercantile Exchange (commodity futures), will be set if SEC approves. Listed companies on the new National Stock Exchange must have net worth of \$1,000,000, at least 500 stockholders, 150,000 outstanding shares.

underestimated the task, sometimes buckled under the pressure. At Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, where Atlas launching sites are three months behind schedule, New York's Malan-Grove Construction Co. gave 90% of the work to 46 subcontractors. Two of them ran into financial difficulties and are now being operated by bonding companies. At the Offutt launching sites, nine concrete pedestals intended for support of liquid-oxygen lines had to be replaced because they had inadequate supporting steel. Warren Air Force Base in Cheyenne, Wyo., scheduled to be the first operational tactical missile base by last spring, will not be ready until fall, largely because contractors could not fulfill their commitments.

No Ready Mix. For their part, the contractors complain bitterly that they are often not paid on time for their work, are burdened by the complexity of the new sites (some 4,000 miles of wire and 25,000 connections) and by whole chains of changes that are set off when something new is discovered during a missile firing. The changes are necessary if the U.S. is to keep its bases as sophisticated as its developing missiles, but they can play hob with schedules. At Offutt base, more than 50 site changes have been ordered, ranging from "a few dollars to more than a million dollars." The Warren base, originally scheduled to cost \$65 million, is now expected to cost \$100 million because of numerous modifications.

Also contributing to the slowdowns are labor unions which have squabbled with the military, the contractors and among themselves. In the past two years there have been 22 labor disputes at Warren, ranging from cement masons and plasterers striking against the use of ready-mix concrete to ironworkers protesting because spot welding was done by other unions. Jurisdictional disputes and strikes have cost the Atlas program 20,370 man-days.

in the first six months of 1960 alone at Warren, Offutt and Vandenberg Air Force bases.

To bring the Atlas back on schedule, Secretary Gates has transferred the missile-site command from the Air Force Research and Development Command to the Air Materiel Command, placed the Army engineers under one nationwide project officer instead of under district engineers. Both the Army and the Air Force have been warned to be more selective in letting base building contracts, and the Labor Department is drawing up a list of standards to determine what kind of workers should be used on specific missile-base jobs. The goal: more than 100 operational Atlases by 1962.

LABOR

One Way to Settle a Strike

Back from negotiating a political settlement in Chicago, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller last week put his hand to some pressing business in his own state: a 25-day strike of railroad trainmen on the Long Island Railroad, the busiest U.S. commuter line. Neither labor nor management showed any sign of budging, but Rocky was in a mood to push. He summoned railroad executives, union officials, state and federal mediators. Early one morning, they trooped into his sleek, grey-carpeted Manhattan office. Rockefeller briskly ushered management and union men into different rooms and closed the doors behind them. Snapped Rocky to an aide: "This is it. They are not going home until we settle this strike."

Sweating It Out. As mediators shuffled between the two teams, Rockefeller frequently popped in on both sides to let them know that he was watching. He had also hinted that if the strike was not settled, he might recall the state legislature to ask for special powers to show the Long Island how to run a railroad. Neither side wanted that. At midmorning Rockefeller slipped away long enough to have a cyst removed from under his right eye (six stitches) at the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, came back to order ham and turkey sandwiches for all, then settled down—with dark glasses and an ice pack gracing his head—to sweat out the negotiations.

By dinnertime the gloomy-faced negotiators had reached no settlement—though they were only \$25,000 apart. They begged for a break and some food, but Rocky was having none of it. Said he to his aides: "Let's keep them here till they finish." This time, he ordered no sandwiches. At 9:33 p.m., almost twelve hours after the session began, Rockefeller strode into the pressroom and, wiping his brow, announced tersely: "It's settled." Insisted Rockefeller: "The people of New York State pay me \$50,000 a year to make decisions like this, and I'll assume responsibility for any fare rise."

Undisguisedly Unhappy. Under terms of the settlement, the trainmen got their six-day week reduced to a five-day week, while continuing to get paid for seven



Associated Press

ROCKEFELLER (RIGHT EYE STITCHED)
No sandwiches.

days. In return, they agreed to take 2½c instead of the 5.4¢ hourly wage increase won by the union throughout the industry last month, and to drop some featherbedding practices. The settlement will cost the Long Island \$162,041 a year, which the road will cover by raising annual commuter fares for its 85,000 daily commuters by \$1 or \$2, adding to a recent \$24-a-year fare increase.

Chief Union Negotiator Harold J. Pryor called the settlement "an almost complete victory." Long Island President Thomas M. Goodfellow, undisguisedly unhappy, made it clear that he was the one who had been pushed. Said he: "The settlement we made wasn't the settlement we thought should be made. But the Governor felt the effects of the strike overbalanced the cost of ending it. We accepted his recommendation." Long Island commuters, after nearly a month of overcrowded highways and desperate expedients for getting to work, seemed willing to pay a hike of less than a cent per day for the old familiar ride.



Robert Phillips—Fortune

DEFENSE SECRETARY GATES
Get back on schedule.

GOVERNMENT

The Serviceman's Utopia

To 1,683,000 U.S. Army and Air Force men and their families stationed in 27 countries, payday usually means a visit to the PX, the world's biggest exclusive shopping preserve. Last week the payday rush was on in 5,033 PXs, helping to make the Army and Air Force Exchange Service rank in dollar volume below only Sears, Roebuck, J. C. Penney, Montgomery Ward and F. W. Woolworth among retail chains. To maintain its place as one of the U.S. military's greatest fringe benefits, PX branches stock up to 30,000 items, sell everything from underwear to refrigerators—all at cut-rate prices designed for the private who earns only \$78 a month, the master sergeant who



William H. Muller

SHOPPERS AT FRANKFURT PX Christmas trees and camel saddles.

earns \$110. Yet the PX earns money, last year made a \$60 million profit on sales of \$86.5 million—and is doing even better in 1960.*

To become so big, the PX has changed greatly since its founding 65 years ago to sell horse blankets and snuff. From the raggle-taggle mobile units and Quonset huts that most G.I.s remember at the end of World War II, the PX system has moved into fancier quarters, now includes shopping centers the size of a city block. They are designed to meet the needs of the new-style serviceman and his family. Eighty-seven percent of all officers and some 50% of all enlisted men are married, with an average of two children. Says the wife of a sergeant stationed in Frankfurt, West Germany: "If they ever took the PX away from us, I'd be on the next boat home."

Dine-A-Mite & Poker Chips. The man responsible for keeping soldiers and their families well supplied is Brigadier General Ray Joseph Laux, 52, a grey-haired blue-eyed Quartermaster Corps planning expert. From his office at worldwide exchange headquarters in Manhattan, General Laux commands a retailing complex that could command the services of a \$200,000-a-year executive in the world of business; he does the job for \$16,725 a year. Of the PX's 67,500 employees, some 44,000 are foreign nationals working abroad. This mix sometimes presents problems. In Morocco, faced with native snack-bar waiters who spoke only Arabic, the PX had to set up a system of poker chips to place orders: red for a hamburger, blue for coffee, etc.

To please its customers, the European Exchange System (2,918 branches), big-

gest of 14 PX districts, has built seven PX drive-in snack bars along West German Autobahnen with such names as Java Junction and Dine-A-Mite. Over the past ten years the European System has nearly doubled its stock of items, which now includes Italian fashions, men's custom-tailored suits, frozen pheasants and ten different brands of can openers. The PX system also includes barbershops, delicatessens, auto parts shops, dry cleaning and laundry service, and shoe, watch and radio repair shops.

But what pleases the soldier most about the PX is its prices, which run about 20% below U.S. retail prices. Reason: the PX does not have to pay income taxes, gets free shipment of goods overseas, has its stores built for it, spends little for advertising or promotion. Clothing sells for 15% to 20% less than in the U.S., watches for 25%, less, quality cameras for up to 45% less. And by buying from the PX the soldier is actually dealing himself a bonus: all PX profits go to military welfare funds.

The Taste Setter. Many a military family's clothes, music and image of America are determined by the PX. The system ships Christmas trees to Ethiopia, often gets new dress styles on its racks as quickly as U.S. stores. Many PXs introduce foreign goods. The Moroccan camel-saddle fad started in the PX, and much of current Japanese design influence originated through PX-sold items.

While the PX may be the military man's idea of utopia, the system is still the target of outside criticism. U.S. retailers feel that PXs compete with private business, would like to limit what PXs can sell even beyond present rules (which prevent Stateside PXs from selling major appliances, and most clothing and furniture). PXs have been singled out as a prime culprit in isolating U.S. military men abroad from exposure to different cultures. Sniffs one German: "Your American soldier seems to live here as though he were surrounded by primitive aborigines." The PX has also suffered from black-market scandals. Though the black market is no longer a big problem in prosperous Europe, \$1,000,000 a year in PX goods is sold on the Japanese black market, and in Korea the estimate is as high as \$500,000 per month.

Such criticisms and problems are not likely to provoke basic changes in the PX system, which has already gone a long way toward correcting its own abuses. The PX has become established as an integral part of the modern U.S. serviceman's life. "Wherever it is," says General Laux, "the PX is a bit of America following the troops."

BUSINESS ABROAD No Zip in the Zhiguli

The beer that might have made Moscow famous is a light, frothy brew called Zhiguli, which has long been touted as the perfect accompaniment for *rak*, a Russian crawfish. But for some time, Muscovites

—and beer drinkers all over the U.S.S.R.—have noticed that their Zhiguli had lost its zip. Last week they knew why. Up for trial and denounced for his "criminally careless attitude" was V. P. Lisakov, director of Moscow's biggest brewery. The dark charge against Lisakov: Senior Brewmaster P. D. Kirichek, and eight other brewery officials, watering the Zhiguli.

The scandal got started when the brewers carelessly began washing down their vats with beer instead of water, ignoring leaky valves that spilled our brew until it ran in the gutters. The brewery workers ran up "internal losses" amounting to 2,000,000 gallons of beer worth 20 million rubles—owing in part to on-the-job consumption. In order to make up their quota, they began putting water in the Zhiguli (named for a Volga River beauty spot). Even after a state inspector popped in unexpectedly and found the water content too high, brewery officials and workers kept pouring it in. When a formidable team of ministry investigators moved in, officials tried to get out of the mess by cutting the beer's aging period from 21 days to 3, using extra malt, juggling the hooks, rigging scales so that no one could check the output. In despair, Brewmaster Kirichek suggested they puncture the pipes, blame the losses on an accident.

No subterfuge worked. The luckless Zhiguli brewers were hauled in to answer to 40 volumes full of violations. Wrote the *Economic Gazette*, an official newspaper of the Communist Party's Central Committee: "Starting with a small violation of state discipline, they ended up deceiving the state." That, as every Communist knew, was a crime far worse than watering beer. Nonetheless, it would be a long time before Russian beer drinkers again looked on Zhiguli as they once did—perhaps not until a crawfish learns to whistle.

ПАВИДОВ

пейте ПИВО

ПИВОВАРЕННЫХ ЗАВОДОВ ГЛАВПИВО

RUSSIAN ZHIGULI BEER AD
Waiting for the crawfish to whistle?



If you drive 50 mph or more, better get nylon cord tires

The major cause of blowouts is the *heat* generated by high speed driving. Today, your best protection against that heat is *nylon* cord.

Tires made with nylon cord *run cooler* than any other tires on the market. At the heat generated by turnpike speeds, nylon is *almost twice* as strong as Tyrex (rayon) cord. Nylon also gives better protection from the chuck

holes, bumps and rocks that can cause tire failure. Its resistance to these impacts is *over twice* that of Tyrex (rayon) cord. These facts have been proved in lab and road tests. Don't gamble. The faster you drive, the more you need nylon. Always look for the word "nylon" on the tires you buy.

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AIRPORT CITIES

Gateways to the Jet Age

THE first siren whoosh of the commercial jetliner not only changed man's notion of time and travel by shrinking the earth some 40%, but set off an earthbound revolution that is transforming the whole facade and function of the jet age's gateway, the airport. Nations and cities are taking a searching second look at the airports that served the piston-plane age—and finding them wanting. The result is an immense worldwide building boom to adapt them to the new and challenging problems—for pilots, passengers and cities—of the 600 m.p.h. jet planes. In the U.S., new or better airports are blossoming in Seattle, Miami, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles—and dozens of other airports are also undergoing major face-liftings. New runways are being hacked out of the wilderness in Asia and South America; and the travel-worn airports of Paris, Amsterdam and Mexico City, familiar to thousands of U.S. tourists, will soon sport a trim, unfamiliar look.

Prototype: Idlewild. The most glittering airport showcase—and one of the first to be rebuilt—is New York International Airport at Idlewild, the gateway to the U.S. (an estimated 8,550,000 air travelers this year). Because Idlewild is one of the world's busiest airports (an average of 640 landings and takeoffs a day) and a technological primer of jet age forethought, it has become the prototype and laboratory for many of the world's changing airports. This week ten officials of Aeroflot, the Soviet civil airline, will poke through every nook and cranny of Idlewild on a restricted tour of U.S. airports, searching for ideas to take back home. Cologne is building an instrument-landing runway with narrow-gauge lighting patterned after Idlewild's. Frankfurt has jet-

terminal improvements scheduled but is waiting to see how Idlewild's new facilities work.

Built in 1942 on land reclaimed from Jamaica Bay and what was once a golf course, Idlewild has become a vast, gleaming concrete-and-glass titan (see color) covering 4,000 acres and representing an investment of \$130 million. Much more than merely a big new airport, it typifies a whole new jet age concept: a self-contained airport city, so complete that it has two dramatic societies and an animal-park where anything from parakeets (50¢ a day) to lions (\$5 a day) can be boarded.

Underground Airport. For all its glitter, Idlewild will have plenty of competition before the airport boom abates. Many of the new airports boast functional rather than beautiful buildings, must first use their money for such expensive necessities as lengthening runways—at \$1,000 a ft.—to meet the 10,500-ft. jet requirements. But some airports with money to spare are experimenting with concepts as dramatic in jet age design as Idlewild's. Among them:

¶ Dulles International Airport, due to open near Washington, D.C., in 1961, is radically different in concept. Unlike most airports, it will have no passageways reaching out onto the apron to detract from its lofty, temple-like terminal designed by Architect Eero Saarinen. Instead of jets coming up to terminal fingers, passengers will simply walk into giant "mobile lounges" that will move them out to the jets.

¶ Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, due to be finished in 1962, will be one of the world's largest, with its three terminals forming three sides of a pentagon open in the front for parking.

¶ Brasilia's new airport, still on the draw-

ing boards, will have the world's only integrated underground terminal. Built like an aircraft carrier with service and passenger facilities underground, it will lift travelers by elevator direct to jets on the runway.

¶ Rome's Leonardo Da Vinci airfield, nearly finished, is a \$50 million showcase roughly the size of Florence and built in the shape of a triangle. Set on the Tyrrhenian coast (near the ruins of Ostia Antica) to make the most of prevailing sea breezes, it will have near-perfect visibility all year round.

Telescoping Corridors. Plain or fancy, the new airports are designed to cope with the growing problems of the jet age. The major problems: the jets carry more passengers at a time (up to 170 in a Boeing 707 v. about half that number in the biggest piston airliner), require quicker handling of more baggage. They have proved so popular that they have boosted U.S. air travel by better than 20% this year. Moreover, since one jet is seldom much faster than another, it is an airline's service and reputation for luxury that pulls customers. The result: airlines themselves are sinking millions of dollars into lavish terminal facilities to lure customers.

Using new "jetway" covered corridors that telescope out to meet the planes United Air Lines at San Francisco has a graceful, star-shaped terminal that can nestle five giant DC-8 jets at one time. To ease shoe leather, Dallas' Love Field uses moving sidewalks to carry passengers to planes. Many new terminals—e.g., at Dulles, Idlewild, Seattle, Rome, O'Hare—are split-level designs to speed passenger traffic: air travelers deplane on the lower level, enplane on the second story, keep out of one another's way.

Officials at Dallas' Love Field studied crowd habits in Grand Central Station to learn the best arrangement for facilities ticket counter close to the entrance so that passengers can drop their heavy bags and buy tickets, then insurance and cigarette counters, drinking fountains and—just before reaching the plane—rest rooms. With many another new airport, Chicago's O'Hare will eliminate the garish atmosphere that now exists in many airport baggage-claim areas: may utilize a "perpetual motion conveyor belt" to automatically sort and store passengers' luggage for each flight.

Radar Brain. One big reason for the growth of airport cities around terminals is a new jet age psychology. The layover passenger who has flown 2,000 miles in four hours sees no reason to spend another two hours commuting into the center of town, wants his overnight hotel and restaurants at hand. For passengers who are ending their flights, many new airports, including O'Hare, Dulles and Rome, are

PINWHEEL OF JETS AROUND UNITED'S SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL





UMBRELLA ROOF of reinforced concrete tops Pan American World Airways' \$12-million terminal at New York International Airport. Latest of Idlewild's four new terminals, Pan Am's

soaring oval covers four acres, nestles six giant jet Clippers under its 114-ft. cantilever, can handle 600 passengers per hour. Bronze signs of zodiac by Milton Heald decorate windscreen.



BRIGHT MURAL by Argentine-born Brazilian Painter Carybé titled *Rejoicing and Festival of the Americas* helps enliven east concourse of American Airlines' \$14-million terminal, opened

six months ago. Passengers at 140-ft. counter have view of arriving and departing planes; later board flights directly from terminal through adjustable covered corridors called jetways.



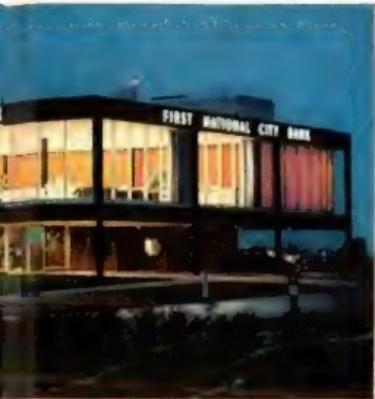
DRIVE-IN BANK is set on stilts to allow banking from three cars at a time. One of First National City Bank's four branches at

CATHOLIC CHAPEL. Our Lady of the Skies, has attendance of some 1,450 at Sunday Masses. Jewish, Protestant chapels are planned.



DE LUXE RESTAURANT, the Golden Door, with view of planes pulling up before International Arrival Building, is one of 24 eating places (including espresso gallery) operated by

Brass Rail. Seventy-five waiters and captains serve up to 1,400 a day from menu (dinner: \$7 plus drinks) printed in six languages. Dining room chairs were designed by Eero Saarinen.



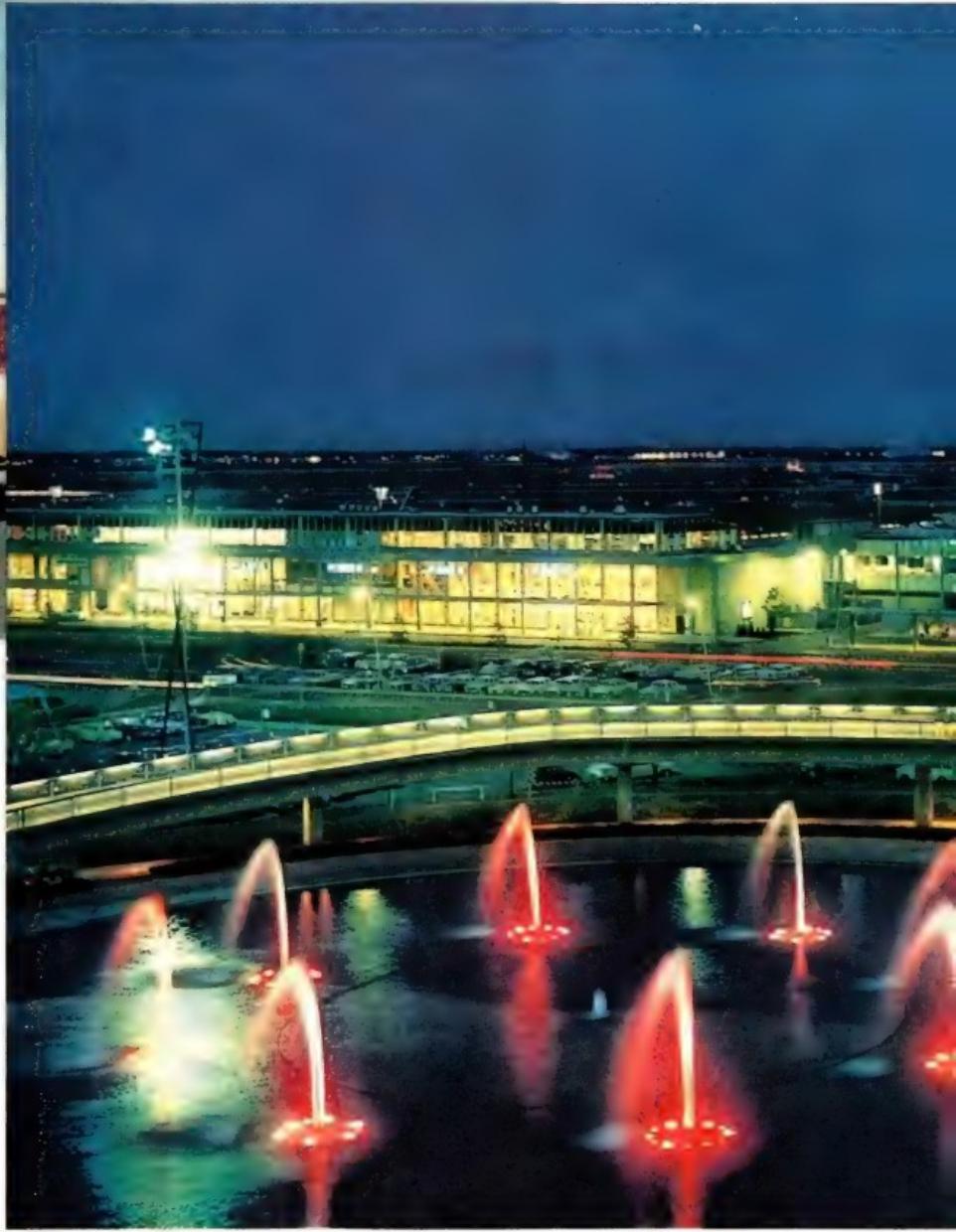
Idlewild, this neatly designed, glass-walled, 91-by-91-ft. structure serves regular airport employees as well as transient air travelers.



WING-SHAPED HOTEL, with room for 200, often runs at 110% capacity because of rapid turnover of passengers waiting for flights.

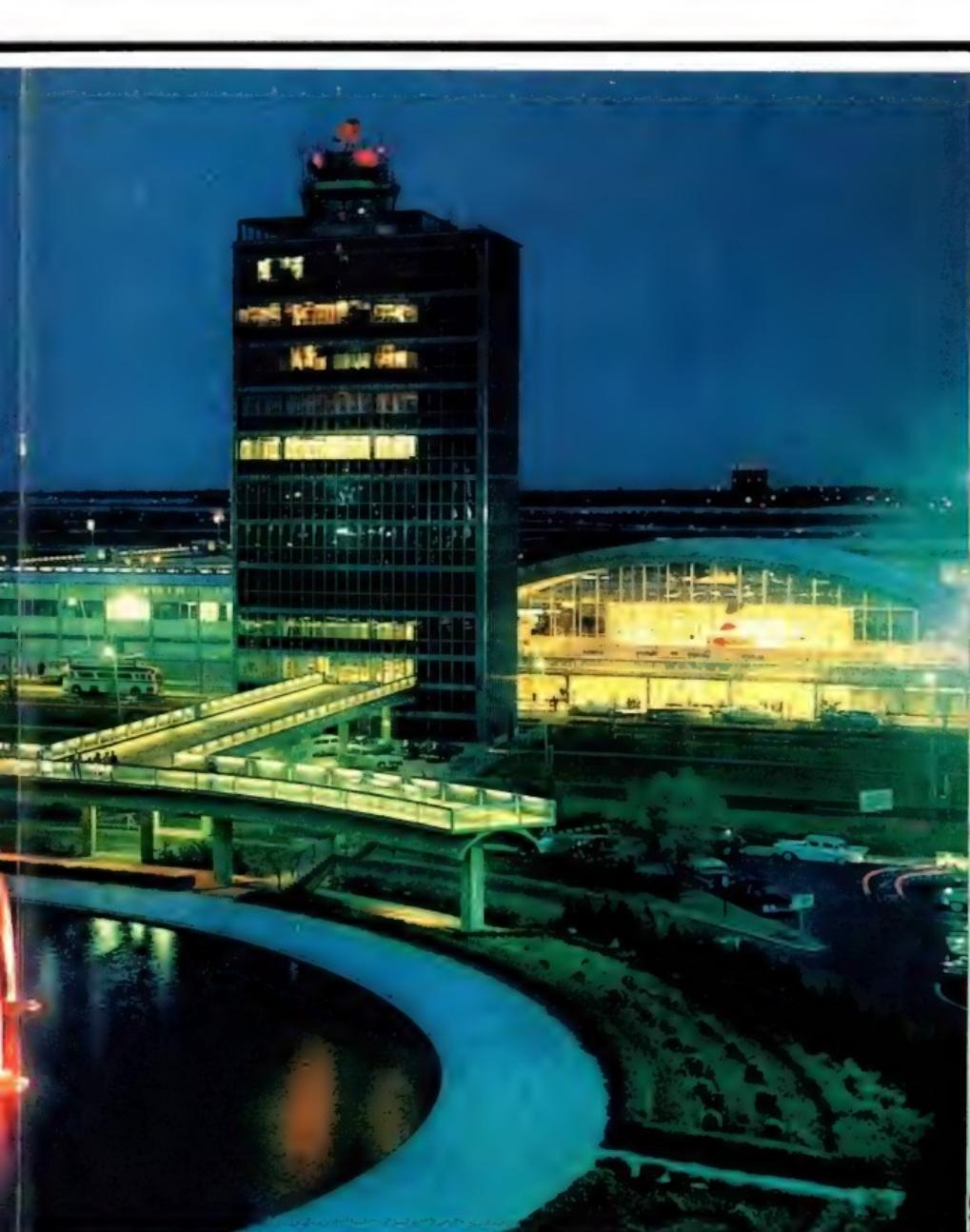


GAS STATION, designed by Edward D. Stone, flies all U.N. flags on special occasions.



DUSK VIEW looking south in Terminal City sparkles with activity as Fountain of Liberty tosses plumes of water into air at near-center of 220-acre landscaped park. In immediate

background are million-dollar, eleven-story control tower and east wing of eleven-block-long International Arrival Building, where offices of 21 foreign-flag airlines are located. In addition



to its own banks, hotel and chapel, airport has training schools, post office, sports club and even its own newspaper. Largest port of entry in U.S., it has parking lots for 6,000 cars.

will serve estimated 8,000,000 passengers in 1960. With four new terminals costing \$36.5 million opened in last year, port is still growing, has fifth major terminal under construction.



SERVICE HANGAR in which TWA's 27 Boeing 707s get line maintenance check every 200 hours cost \$15 million

in 1958, houses 3,000 service and operations personnel is among largest and busiest of Idlewild's 17 giant hangars.



CONTROL TOWER develops tense, efficient atmosphere as air traffic control specialists handle average of seven

flights at same time. The two men at right control landing-takeoff procedure and planes on ground taxiing to runway.



CUSTOMS OFFICE - staffed by 100 inspectors can handle five planeloads at once and up to 6,000 passengers a day. Supermarket conveyors speed baggage.



FLIGHT KITCHEN prepares lobster thermidor for Pan Am's first-class overseas passengers. Up to 2,000 meals are readied daily by Pan Am chefs alone.





NIGHT TAKEOFF leaves spectacular jet age punctuation mark above busy airport. Other light patterns are made by planes landing, taxiing and taking off, service trucks, rotating

red beams, and many airport installations. Twin white streaks in foreground were left by service-truck headlights; red lights seemingly lined up in a row in sky are from rotating beams.

planning brand-new freeways to speed access to the city. Brussels has built, and Rome is building, railroad lines directly to the airport.

The new airports are also wrestling with the immense technological problems of the jet age. The hungry jets have made obsolete the ubiquitous airport fuel truck; Idlewild, Seattle, London, O'Hare and Brasilia are all installing underground fueling systems. Hong Kong Airport has solved its space problem by building a runway 8,350 feet into Hong Kong bay. Miami has a new \$350,000 radar approach system. Near San Francisco, the Federal Aviation Agency is building an ultramodern \$5,000,000 radar air-traffic control center, whose Remington Rand electronic brain



HONG KONG JET STRIP
into the bay.

will track all aircraft in a three-state zone. Hardest-to-tick problem thus far is jet noise, but airport officials hope that the new turbofan jet engines will eventually alleviate even that drawback of the jets. Dulles Airport is planting 30,000 trees around its rim to help absorb jet noise.

While cities are hustling to catch up with the jet age, the wistest airport builders are looking ahead—to the 1970s and 500,000-lb. supersonic airliners. Seattle is building a runway extension long enough—and strong enough—for Mach 3 air craft. Brussels, by the end of 1961, will be one of the world's best-equipped airports, capable of handling 3,000,000 passengers a year vs. the present 1,000,000. Explaining the philosophy behind the avant-garde Dulles airport, FAA Boss Elwood ("Pete") Quesada says: "We designed this airport for the requirements not only of this decade but for the next decade as well. Not looking far enough ahead is one of the errors we've been making through the history of commercial aviation. We have forecast the requirements and are not indulging in building for today. We are building for ten years, twenty years, fifty years from now."

MODERN LIVING The Cease & Desist Cha Cha

Four months after the Federal Trade Commission accused him of boosting his \$45 million-a-year business by deception and coercion (TIME, April 11), Dancer Arthur Murray cha-chaed his way out of the jam, hardly stubbing his toes. He agreed last week to an FTC consent order "to cease and desist" the practices, thus avoided a tough day in court and the prospect of even more damaging publicity. In exchange, the FTC closed its case.

The consent order, which is not technically an admission of guilt, forces the Arthur Murray studios to abandon most of their now famous promotional schemes. These included telephone calls asking prospects to name two former U.S. presidents who were once generals. "Lucky Buck" contests soliciting dollar bills whose serial numbers included a five and a zero, and zodiac- and crossword-puzzle contests. All offered free dance lessons as a reward for the right answers, but the FTC charged that the contests were too easy to be genuine, were used as bait with which high-pressure Murray salesmen conned prospects into signing up for added courses.

A grand jury in Denver last week concluded that ballroom-dance studios in the area are guilty of "immoral, illegal and bloodsucking" tactics in the sale of huge lesson contracts to students. Dance-studio personnel, said the grand jury indignantly, are often "hazardous" who "employed very unethical means of inducing persons to enroll in dance classes."

PERSONNEL

Missiles to Miniatures

The man who bossed the Army missile program and helped put the U.S. into space last week took on an unlikely new job, Major General (ret.) John B. Medaris, 58, who quit the Army six months ago to protest the Administration's "reluctant dragon" attitude toward space, was named president and chief executive officer of the Lionel Corp., the nation's largest producer of miniature trains (1959 sales: \$14.8 million). Medaris' special qualification for the job, aside from proved administrative abilities, a longtime fondness for electric trains, which he used to collect as a boy.

Lionel's chairman, and the chief of a syndicate that took over the failing company last year and put it on its feet, is Roy M. Cohn, longtime aide to Senator Joseph McCarthy and leading inquisitor in McCarthy's bitter row with the Army. Cohn viewed more than 25 executives and engaged two management consultant firms before finding "the impossible man." "They said he didn't exist," said Cohn, "but here he is." Medaris takes a prudently tolerant view of working with the Army's former antagonist, says: "Let us forgive the mistakes of youth."

As top man at Lionel, Medaris will earn \$70,000 a year, plus an option on 30,000 shares of Lionel stock pegged at 95% of

last week's price. He intends to develop Lionel's standard lines of trains and toys but also to expand gradually into grown-up electronics (Lionel proposed a merger with Anton-Inco Electronics Corp. last June). He does not plan to go after Government contracts. Says he: "Development of a large military line is not our prime objective. I don't plan to create a corporate image that depends on the vagaries of the defense business."

Other changes of the week:

¶ Thomas G. Lanphier Jr., 44, onetime vice president of General Dynamics' Convair Division, was appointed vice president in charge of planning of the Fairbanks Whitney Corp., a big (1959 sales:



LIONEL'S MEDARIS
Down from space.

\$14.9 million), diversified manufacturing outfit, Lanphier's outspoken criticisms of the Administration's defense effort and blunt attacks on rival missile makers brought down the wrath of General Dynamics Chairman Frank Pace, who forced Lanphier out. Lanphier then campaigned for his longtime friend, Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington, whose special assistant he had been when Symington was Secretary of the Air Force. When Symington lost to Kennedy in Los Angeles, Lanphier began to look for a job outside the defense field. He found it at Fairbanks Whitney, which does only 5% of its business with the Government.

¶ Edmund F. Martin, 57, was elected president of the Bethlehem Steel Corp., the nation's second largest steel producer (after U.S. Steel). He succeeds Arthur B. Homer, who becomes chairman of the board and continues as chief executive officer. Chicago-born Ed Martin joined Bethlehem in 1922 after graduating from Stevens Institute of Technology, worked his way up in the mills from a repairman's helper to general manager of the giant Lackawanna plant in 1950, vice president for steel operations in 1958,

Speculators don't take chances!

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*Definition of "chance" by Funk and Wagnalls—Italics ours.

MILESTONES

Born. To Jayne Mansfield, 27, sometime cinemaspirtant, who reported that she was "so thrilled I'd like to have 500 more babies," and Miklos ("Mickey") Hargitay, 30, knot-muscled, Hungarian-born Mr. Universe of 1956, their second child, second son; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Married. Gene Kelly, 47, stage and screen quadruple-threat man as producer-director-actor-dancer; and Jeanne Coyne, 37, his production assistant; both for the second time; in Tonopah, Nev.

Married. Andre Kostelanetz, 58, Russian-born orchestra conductor whose recordings of homogenized classics and hoked-up pop works have sold some 40 million copies over the past 20 years; and Sara Gene Orcutt, 32, Oklahoma-born divorcee; both for the second time (his first: soprano Lily Pons); in Honolulu.

Died. Luis Angel ("The Wild Bull of the Pampas") Firpo, 65, Argentine heavyweight, who in 1923 in boxing's greatest first round, decked Champion Jack Dempsey and later belted him clear out of the ring, but was floored seven times himself and finally finished after three more knockdowns in the second round; of a heart attack; in Buenos Aires. When Dempsey later visited Firpo, who became a wealthy cattleman, with 10,000 head on six Argentine ranches, he commented "When a boxer leaves the ring...he has lost the fight. In my heart, Firpo was world champion of all weights."

Died. Philip Benjamin Perlman, 70, Maryland lawyer, newspaperman (one-time Baltimore *Evening Sun* city editor and prank-playing crony of H. L. Mencken) and Democratic politician, who from 1947 to 1952 as workhorse Solicitor General of the U.S. personally won an unprecedented 49 cases before the Supreme Court but lost his most famous one, defense of President Truman's 1952 seizure of the steel industry; of heart disease; in Washington. An energetic fighter for civil rights, Perlman was co-chairman of the Platform Committee at last month's Democratic Convention.

Died. First Lieut. Robert Allen (Bob) Gutowski, 25, fluid-formed Marine pole-vaulting champion who held the world's outdoor record (15 ft. 8 1/2 in.) from 1957 until last month's Olympic tryout, which saw Army Pfc. Don Bragg vault one inch higher; in an auto accident; near Ocean-side, Calif.

Died. Eldon Lee Edwards, 51, by day an auto-body paint sprayer, by night Imperial Wizard of the self-styled only "true" latter-day Ku Klux Klan, an Atlanta-based organization claiming membership in nine states and believed to be the biggest (an estimated 50,000 "knights") of several Klans still operating; of a heart attack; in College Park, Ga.

Died. Leonora Corbett, 52, British actress, a favorite of George Bernard Shaw, A. A. Milne and Noel Coward, and a frequent leading lady in their plays, who was best known in the U.S. as the ghostly first wife in *Blithe Spirit* in 1941, was married only once (for four years to one-time NBC Vice President John F. Royal) though her "list of fiancés," she often said, "included a majority of the peers listed in Debrett's"; of a heart attack; in Vleuten, The Netherlands.

Died. Charles Schneider, 62, head since 1942 of Schneider et Cie, big French holding company (more than \$100 million in assets), whose family has been one of Europe's top steel and heavy-equipment manufacturers for four generations; of a heart attack; in Saint-Tropez, France.

Died. Le'and Olds, 69, regulation-minded Federal Power Commission member from 1939 to 1949 (mostly as chairman); a zealous New Dealer and longtime target of private power interests, whose third-term nomination was rejected by the Senate following hearings centering on his heavy-breathing socialist writings of the 1930s ("The owners exist only [as] a privileged class of parasites whose idleness and dissipation become an increasing stench in the nostrils of the people."); of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Lucian C. Sprague, 74, "the doctor of sick railroads," a one-time Burlington call boy for train crews (at age 13), who in 1935 was named president and receiver of the languishing Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, eight years later saw his improvements end in its bankruptcy, but was ousted in 1954 by an insurgent stockholders' group for his "gravy-train" extravagances, including a personal expense account of \$226 per day; of a heart attack; in Minneapolis.

Died. Mary Hall ("Mother") Tusch, 82, friend and mother-away-from-home to two generations of aviators, whose frame cottage opposite the air-training school on the University of California's Berkeley campus was known as "The Hangar" by thousands of visiting airmen, including Barn Arnold (who dubbed it "the first U.S.O."); Billy Mitchell, Amelia Earhart, Charles Lindbergh, and Eddie Rickenbacker from 1915 until 1950; of a stroke; in Washington.

Died. Arthur Meighen, 86, scholarly leader (1920-26) of Canada's Conservative party and, for 17 months in 1920-21, the nation's youngest Prime Minister at 46; in Toronto.

Died. Bernt Gulbrand Morterud, 101, Norwegian-born Chicago cabinetmaker, whose identical twin, Gulbrand, still lives on in Norway—a record of longevity, defying 1 billion to 1 odds: of arteriosclerotic heart disease; in Chicago.



PHIL SILVERS, CBS-TV STAR

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BOOKS

Child Soldiers

THE BRIDGE [215 pp.]—Manfred Gregor—Random House (\$3.50).

On one side of the bridge crouched seven German teen-agers with only two weeks of military training. On the other side was a combat patrol of battle-hardened G.I.s supported by three Sherman tanks, artillery and planes. The result? Two U.S. tanks destroyed, a scatter of U.S. dead in the street and, finally, a crestfallen U.S. withdrawal to allow planes and artillery to soften up the remaining schoolboy defenders.

This bloody skirmish serves Germany's Manfred Gregor as the core of his first novel. Like his seven heroes, Author Gregor was called up from high school during the spring of 1945 in the desperate mass conscription of 16-year-olds designed to flesh out the shattered Nazi armies. As U.S. armored columns knifed their way into Germany, they frequently encountered such youngsters, callously thrown into the front lines. Most often the dazed and frightened teen-agers surrendered in tears without firing a shot. But occasionally, they put up astonishing resistance. How they behaved usually depended on the quality of their leadership.

The hero of Gregor's book is Ernst Scholten, a schoolboy who cares little about the war and less about politics. A passionate reader of Karl May's cowboy-and-Indian stories,* Scholten imagines himself as the dauntless Indian chief, Winnetou. Even though German adults—both

soldiers and civilians—urge the uneasy boys to desert, they blindly follow Scholten's lead. "You can do as you please," he says. "I am staying. Winnetou will hold the fort." The boys' resolution is strengthened when a passing general cannot resist spouting nonsense: he urges them to defend the bridge and announces that with a few thousand like them, Germany might still win the war.

Twelve hours later, only Scholten and one other teen-ager are left alive. When a truckload of German troops arrives, the boys think they are replacements to take over their position. Discovering that the unit is really a demolition team come to blow up the bridge, Scholten cries hysterically: "Why did we have to defend it then? Five are lying over there who've fought for this bridge." Author Gregor's final irony: after driving the demolition squad away from "our" bridge, Scholten is killed by a fellow German.

The Bridge is briskly told with an interlacing of flashbacks. Since the major characters are 16-year-olds, these flashbacks are mercifully short, if overly sentimental; the boys seem to have grown up surrounded by sweet, long-suffering mothers and avuncular lieutenants, with hardly a Nazi in sight. But these scenes from the boys' past merely serve as counterpoint to the adventure at the bridge and as clues to the variety of boyish responses, which range from terror to heroism. Gregor's bitter little novel labors no point, nor does it have to. The futility it illustrates would have been depressing enough even if it had been grown men who held the bridge. Its special dimension of bitterness grows, without overstatement, from the fact that children suddenly forced into men's roles have only their childhood with which to face death.

* Though he never visited the U.S., May wrote dozens of volumes on the American West which have been devoured by generations of German schoolboys.



Clint Giese

NOVELIST HERLIHY
Only love against evil.

Odd But Human

ALL FALL DOWN [272 pp.]—James Leo Herlihy—Dutton (\$3.95).

For some adolescent reason that *The Catcher in the Rye*'s Holden Caulfield would have understood, Clint Williams ponders suicide. "Of course, if I end up in some lousy place like Hell," he reflects in his diary, "it would be a miserable mistake. The thing I am gambling on is that after death people become automatically ghosts, and possess thereby complete freedom of movement. ADVANTAGES: I could follow Berry-berry around from place to place."

Both Clint—who decides against becoming a ghost, after all—and his roving older brother, Berry-berry, are members of the Williams family, as splendid a set of oddballs as has appeared in U.S. writing since J. D. Salinger's more eccentric creations. Clinton, who is 14 as the story opens, has just skipped school for 57 consecutive days. He sits around at the Aloha Sweet Shop writing compulsively in his notebooks whatever he sees and hears. This includes his parents' conversations, on which he eavesdrops, and whatever interests him in the family mail that he opens. During the last month he has filled 25 notebooks, excerpts from which make up some of the most revealing as well as some of the novel's very few boring pages.

It is Brother Berry-berry who holds the key to the family's happiness as well as to their despair. Tall, handsome, irresistible to women, brutal and meanly selfish, he burns around the country, calling home only when he needs money. His hemisected mother adores him, pathetically unaware that he hates her. His father, a rude, free-thinking eccentric of a kind increasingly rare in the U.S., insists that the boy is only sampling life and will turn out well. When Berry-berry unexpectedly shows up



GERMAN TEEN-AGE CONSCRIPTS, 1945
Only boys against death.

UPI

at home, the Williamses have a brief interlude of unaccustomed happiness. He falls in love with a nice girl, and even though he is coolly running a brothel in a nearby town, it seems that he is about to go straight at any moment. The presence of love in the house transforms all the Williamses. Clinton finds almost nothing worth putting into his notebooks, since happiness is so dull, but it affects and even excites him too.

But the rot in Berry-berry runs too deep. When his girl becomes pregnant, he clears out and hits the road again, carelessly denying blame for the tragedy that follows. Yet the short vacation he took from his inner evil created something of value. Having tasted the richness of family love, Clint and his parents are not likely to turn away from it again.

The message of *All Fall Down*, the universal need for love, is as obvious as it is worthy; the means of getting it across makes unfailingly good reading. Author Herlihy (*Blue Denim*, *The Sleep of Baby Filbertson*) plays with a kind of hurt tenderness over every desperate human confrontation. With originality, freshness and economy he can convey the seediness of a brothel, a strip joint, a hotel room—never once trying for the sensational or playing up the shoddy for its own sake. Having skillfully drawn the Williamses as off-beat types, he makes it effectively plain in the end that what makes them important in not their oddness but their kinship to humanity.

The Crooked Paradise

THE OPERATORS (284 pp.)—Frank Gibney—Harper (\$3.95).

Critics of American civilization, like most specialists, tend to be narrow in their diagnoses of what ails the U.S. David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd* worries about other-directedness and herd instinct. William H. Whyte in *The Organization Man* examines the loss of individuality caused by modern corporate life. Vance Packard in *The Status Seekers* sees the trouble in a craving for the symbols of importance. Frank Gibney, a journalistic G.P., has a simpler, more sweeping and engagingly old-fashioned diagnosis: the whole place is getting to be crooked, just plain crooked.

Diagnostician Gibney, a *LIFE* staff writer and author (*The Frozen Revolution*, *Five Gentlemen of Japan*), warns earnestly: "Older powers than ours have been fatally undermined when the gap grew too great between the citizen's private sense of wrong and the public morality to which he and his fellows were pledged." To document the gap, Gibney attempts to chronicle every conceivable device of legal and illegal corner cutting, bunching them all into what might be termed Gibney's Unified Sociological Field Theory of the "Genial Society."

Nondeductible Sex In the Genial Society, everybody is too genial about major and minor fraud. Parents are light fingered with the maid's social security payments; Dad might "gift" the cop on the

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beat with a fifth of whisky for overlook his daily parking violation; the children, taking their cue from the elders, might crib on an exam or file about a date.

From such "acceptable" forms of petty larceny, Gibney moves on to the more spectacular types that pique the Internal Revenue Department. Among the intriguing cases are the undertaker who tried to deduct his wife's grocery bills because she met so many potential customers during her shopping trips, and the possibly legendary San Francisco taxpayer who deducted the cost of his love affairs as a medical expenditure because his physician advised him that sex would calm his nerves.

From tax cheating Gibney moves on to the kickback artists in business, the most spectacular among them being unquestionably a New York dress buyer named Stanley Sternberg, who worked for a branch of Sears, Roebuck. When he was shown the door in 1952, it appeared that manufacturers who wanted him to place orders with them, in addition to making regular payments, had fed him daily cloths him and his family, partly furnished his home. One manufacturer was assigned to take Sternberg's aged parents to dinner almost nightly; the wife of another was pressed into service to supply a home-cooked turkey "whenever the Sternbergs craved fowl." Once Sternberg dropped the hint to one seller that he should assign an employee to push his father's wheelchair, Sternberg's total take an estimated quarter of a million.

Matter over Mind. The Genial Society with all its deceptions, Gibney believes, has come about because businesses have become too large and impersonal to be readily held accountable; because technological complexity of modern products makes it difficult to see through exaggerated advertising; because aspirations once funneled into spiritual and national

ideals have been diverted to materialism.

The trouble with Gibney's warning that the U.S.'s "national future is being misshaped" by the Operators is that his supporting evidence, however fascinating in detail, is often too indiscriminate to be meaningful and his definition of an Operator too broad to let off anybody (even the Operators' victims, Gibney seems to suggest, are responsible: they have no business being gullible). Is there really much of a common denominator among the housewife who overlooks an uncharged item at the supermarket, the politician who rigs a press conference, the professional "lopper" who makes a business of suing companies for phony accidents? There is, argues Gibney; even the least offenders are guilty of "selective obedience to the law," meaning that they decide for themselves which part of the law to obey and that, he feels, may be the beginning of the end of U.S. democracy.

In the meantime, the universality of the problem is illustrated by Author Gibney, who will obviously have to resist some temptations to turn into an Operator himself. There is a LIFE expense account, which a man of weak character might pad. There are the dangerous swamps of publicity and plugs that always lure a successful author. Above all there is his 1960 income tax return on which *The Operators* just possibly might provide some handy deductions, including self-employment status as a writer, rent for premises where the writing is done (growing source material). Gibney notes, crowded him out of two successive apartments), not to mention expenses for research and entertainment of informants—after all, an enterprising reporter might want to take Stanley Sternberg to dinner.

A Devil Called Douglas

THE BALLAD OF PECKHAM RYE [160 pp.]
—Muriel Spark—Lippincott (\$3.75).

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the vicar asks Humphrey.

"No," Humphrey replies, "to be quite frank, I won't."

It is really the Devil who is speaking so coddishly through Humphrey. The Devil in this incarnation is known as Dougal Douglas, or occasionally as Douglas Dougal, and he comes equipped with a crooked right shoulder, a clawlike right hand, and two small bumps on his head where a plastic surgeon has removed the horns. When he looks at people, he is "like a succubus whose mouth is its eyes. In the short span of this hilarious novel, Douglas the Devil coaxes into mortal sin not only Humphrey Place but most of the first citizens in the South London district of Peckham Rye.

British Novelist Spark has been compared to Evelyn Waugh, but the comparison is inexact: she is, in fact, a kind of welfare state Jane Austen, a novelist in whose hands the commonplace becomes mysteriously implausible, the routine easily irrational. Unlike the scheming septuagenarians of her earlier novel, *Memento Mori*, the inhabitants of Peckham



Brian Seed

NOVELIST SPARK
Mystery in the commonplace.

Rye are so determinedly average that they lack even the capacity to sin grandly. When Mr. Vincent Druce, the managing director of a small textile firm, visits his secretary, Miss Merle Coverdale, to make love to her in the evening, their activity is as carefully calculated as the time-motion studies with which Druce plagues his employees: dinner before the TV (Brussels sprouts with a bottle of stomach tablets by the plates), an hour in bed, in the course of which Merle "twice screamed because Mr. Druce had once pinched and once bit her," and after which she habitually "went into the scullery and put on the kettle while he put on his trousers and went home to his wife."

When Dougal comes among these people, as director of "human research" in Mr. Druce's textile firm, the tangled fabrics of their lives come suddenly and bewilderingly apart. Dixie Morse, who is working nights at a cinema in order to save money for a model bungalow, refuses to sleep any longer with Humphrey Place, and he, in turn, leaves her at the altar. Mr. Weedon, the personnel manager, looks into Dougal's bewitched eyes and at "the alarming homes of his hands" and suffers a nervous breakdown. Mr. Druce himself, suspecting that Dougal is a police informer in alliance with Merle Coverdale, kills his mistress by stabbing her nine times with a corkscrew. Dougal at about that time flees Peckham Rye for Africa where he makes a living selling portable tape recorders to witch doctors.

Neither Dougal's victims nor the reader ever discovers precisely what is deviling them. It is Novelist Spark's triumph that it never seems to matter. When Dougal is accused of being "unnatural," he replies: "All human beings who breathe are a bit unnatural." On every page of *Peckham Rye*, the author demonstrates that notion with high comic brilliance and a strabismic set of eye.



Ben Maxam

AUTHOR GIBNEY
Larceny in everybody?

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU IN INCO NICKEL



People in foreground give idea of tremendous size of radio telescope which will "see" 36 billion light years into space.

Illustration courtesy of Grad, Urbahn & Seelye.

Nickel steels to help new radio telescope probe boundaries of the universe

One of the world's biggest questions is, "How large is the Universe?" The world's biggest precision instrument will probe deeper into this question than has ever been possible.

The new instrument—a gigantic radio telescope—is now under construction for the U.S. Navy. It will tower to the height of a 66-story building, will have a reflector big enough to hold nearly six football fields, will swing up, down, and sideways to aim at any spot in the Universe above the horizon with pin-point precision.

Because the tiniest amount of wear or distortion in the rotation mechanism would throw the telescope millions of miles off target in the far reaches of space, the rollers and tracks in the horizontal and ver-

tical drives will be of Nickel alloy steel. Nickel alloy steel in these parts insures precision even under the 20,000 ton load.

Nickel will also be used in the special, high-strength, low alloy steel members that support the reflector.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Sons and Lovers. An understated, succinct and highly effective rendering of the D. H. Lawrence novel, with a fine cast topped by Trevor Howard, playing the hardhanded, hard-drinking coal miner.

Elmer Gantry. Director Richard Brooks's wonderfully gaudy, artfully graphic adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' notorious 1927 novel about a carnal-style revivalist specializing in the Seventh Commandment.

Psycho. Alfred Hitchcock's hand may be heavier than usual and totally immersed in blood, but it can still grip the spectator by the throat more expertly than the claws of any horror artist in the business.

The Apartment. Billy Wilder oats up-rosarily sown by Jack Lemmon as a latter-day Alger hero who earns the key to the executive washroom by lending four philandering executives the key to his apartment.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday, a great comedienne, and some typically sprightly lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green save an otherwise mediocre cinemusical.

TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 10

Music for a Summer Night (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).^{*} Pianists Eugene List and Olegna Fuschia should make Guest Hostess Margaret Truman feel at home.

United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Red Buttons, playing a Cockney copper assigned to Malaya, unravels *The Case of the Missing Wife*.

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 11:15 p.m.). The regulars joined by Buddy Hackett, Florence Henderson, Dody Goodman and Arthur Treacher. Still some of the liveliest TV available, particularly in this summer of reruns and cheap fill-ins.

Fri., Aug. 12

Moment of Fear (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A summer suspense series continues with *The Third Party*, about the sudden death of a presidential candidate on election eve. Color.

1960 College All-Star Football Game (ABC, 10 p.m. to conclusion). Rushing the season, as usual, with the heroes of last year's campus amateur hours tackling the 1959 professional champs, the Baltimore Colts.

Sun., Aug. 14

Music on Ice (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Singers Johnny Desmond and June Valli plus skat-eight skaters in a variety show called *Continental Holiday*. Color.

Mon., Aug. 15

What Makes Sammy Run (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A worthwhile repeat: the first half of Budd Schulberg's dramatized novel, with Larry Blyden as Sammy Glick, the slum boy who becomes Hollywood's archetypal heel.

New Comedy Showcase (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). They Went Thataway, a western parody, with James Westerfield as Black Ace Burton, a no-hit gun fighter.

* All times E.D.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

All still quiet on the West Side front as far as new shows are concerned, and among the old, the summer sun has roared into oblivion a few that the critics missed. Of the more durable musicals, there are *Bye Bye Birdie*, a rousing rock-n-roll call for an Elvis-type monster; *Fiorello!*, a more fun-than-smoke-filled memoir of New York City's late mayor; and *West Side Story*, Romeo and Juliet in a brilliantly choreographed Manhattan rumba. Among the dramatic works, the midsummer's night cream includes *Toys in the Attic*, Lillian Hellman's corrosive piece about a weakling whose old-maid sisters depend on his dependence; and *The Tenth Man*, ancient Jewish exorcism strikingly put to work on modern neurosis.

Off Broadway

With several shows having moved lock and barrel to stock country, the survivors are headed by *Little Mary Sunshine*, a boffo operetta satirizing the Kern-y, Frimley past; *The Connection*, a pad full of hipsters seeking to prove that the opiate of the people is heroin after all; and a skillfully acted double bill of disenchantment: Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*, in which a beaten and lonely ex-writer poignantly and often amusingly grovels in his past, paired with Edward Albee's *Zoo Story*, in which a desperately lonely beatnik attempts the hopeless, tragicomic feat of making human contact with a square.

Straw Hat

Oquinquai, Me., Playhouse: a new deal for *Sunrise at Campobello* with Howard Keel.

Dennis, Mass., Cape Playhouse: *Golden Fleecing* gilded by Dick Shawn.

Ivoryton, Conn., Playhouse: Dana Andrews and Gerry Judd at loose ends in *Twee for the Seasaw*.

Stratford, Conn.: *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest* and *Antony and Cleopatra* with stars including Katharine Hepburn, Robert Ryan, and Morris Carnovsky.

Bayville, L.I., North Shore Playhouse: Toni Arden plumps for *Wintergreen* in *Of These I Sing*.

Traverse City, Mich., Cherry County Playhouse: Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* with Reginald Gardiner.

Hillside, Ill., Melody Top Theater: *Dawn Yankees* with Shelley Berman.

Danville, Ky., Pioneer Playhouse: *Waiting for the Bluebird*, a pre-Broadway try-out of a new romantic drama.

Ashland, Ore.: *Julius Caesar*, *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Laguna, Calif., Playhouse: *The Boy Friend*.

Stratford, Ont.: *King John*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* with Julie Harris and Christopher Plummer.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The final novel by the author of *Zorba the Greek*: a searing, soaring, shocking "biography" depicting Jesus less as God than as man, agonizingly torn between flesh and spirit.

Captain Cat, by Robert Holles. The social rise and moral downfall of a precociously cynical 15-year-old in the British army, described in authentic Teddy talk.

Lament for a City, by Henry Beele Hough. A bitter novel by an aging New England editor illustrating that the soul of a town is its newspaper, and that both can be sold down the Styx.

Dictionary of American Slang, by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner. A handy thesaurus of American as it spoke, from *answray* to *zuch*.

The Cheerful Eye, by Nan Fairbrother. A London doctor's wife gracefully comments on bringing up father and two sons.

Twentieth Century Parody, edited by Burling Lowrey. An entertaining anthology in which authors from Chekhov to Kerouac get the mime of their life by some old hands at the sport, from Max Beerbohm to S. J. Perelman.

Collected Poems, by Lawrence Durrell. Expert and evocative, if too often baffling, verse by the author of the acclaimed *Alexandria tetralogy*.

Mani, by Patrick Leigh Fermor. A fascinating picture of Peloponnesian barrens, where Homeric mythology and bloody clan warfare are a part of the harsh everyday life.

When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine FitzGibbon. A chilling, Orwellian account of the day the Iron Curtain clanked down around Britain because of the people's moral disarmament.

Plus an encouraging group of uncommonly good first books:

The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue, by Lester Goran, the story of a young hood, at its snarling best when describing the wrong side of the Pittsburgh tracks; **Now and at the Hour**, by Robert Cormier, an affecting description of a single man's slow, unheroic but dignified death; **A Long Row to Hoe**, by Billy C. Clark, an autobiographical sketch of a poverty-stricken Kentucky boy, as American as Huck Finn; and **To Kill a Mockingbird**, by Harper Lee, a brilliantly written tale about the awakening to good and evil of an engagingly eccentric little Alabama girl.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (3)*
2. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (1)
3. **Hawaii**, Michener (2)
4. **The Chapman Report**, Wallace (4)
5. **The View from the Fortieth Floor**, White (5)
6. **Water of Life**, Robinson (7)
7. **The Lovely Ambition**, Chase
8. **Diamond Head**, Gilman (8)
9. **The Affair**, Snow (6)
10. **Before You Go**, Weidman

NONFICTION

1. **How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market**, Darvas (5)
 2. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (1)
 3. **Born Free**, Adamson (2)
 4. **I Kid You Not**, Paar (4)
 5. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (3)
 6. **Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences** (7)
 7. **The Night They Burned the Mountain**, Dooley (8)
 8. **The Good Years**, Lord (10)
 9. **Enjoy, Enjoy**, Golden
 10. **Mr. Citizen**, Truman (6)
- * Position on last week's list.

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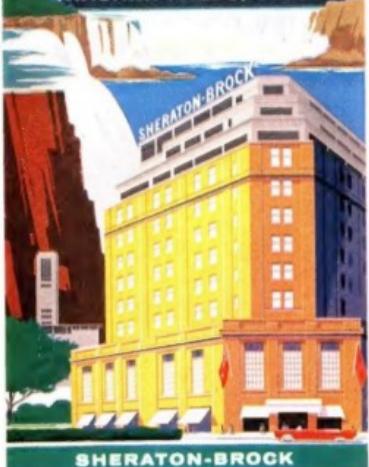
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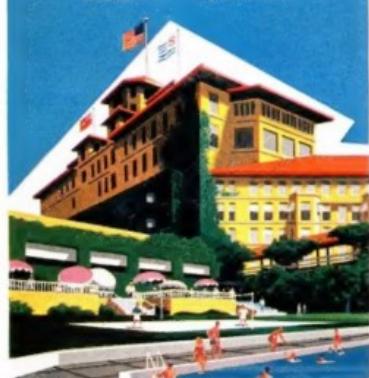
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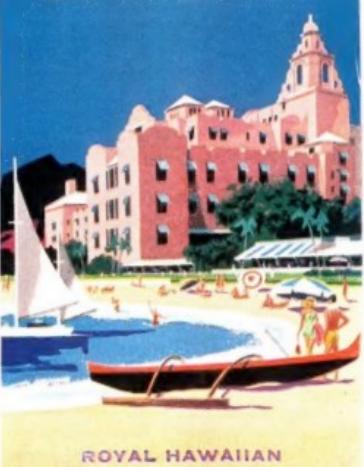
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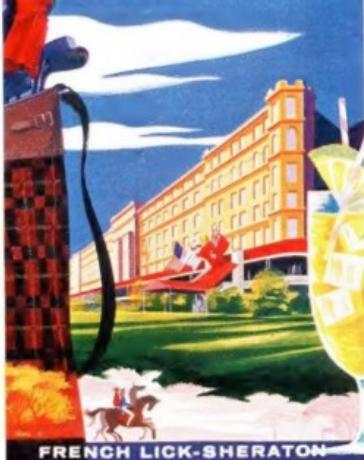
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